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# Eisenhower's Unconditional Surrender

ARE Americans right in saying that President Eisenhower has surrendered to Senator McCarthy? This week's belated and ineffectual rebuke did nothing to atone for last week's abject desertion of Army Secretary Stevens. That rout was only one of a series of retreats. No one, not even sober Republican newspapers which have previously found excuses for the Administration, can now doubt that McCarthy is out for power at any price and that the President lacks the skill or the will to deal with him. The *New York Times*, speaking of the "national disgrace" of this "domestic Munich," asked whether the Government, including the Army, was being run by the President or the Senator. The *Herald Tribune* said that McCarthy "will be content with nothing less than unconditional surrender," and the *Washington Post*, in a series of blistering editorials, has warned the President that unless he unequivocally disavows McCarthyism "he will be regarded as having joined hands with it."

The shock to responsible American opinion has been caused by the discovery of the President's timidity. If, it is asked, he fails to support his own Army Secretary, who or what will he defend? If Army morale, to say nothing of the independence and integrity of the Executive, means nothing to him, what does? It is not, as it should be, the President who demands that the Senator be curbed: it is the Republican liberal, Congressman Javits, who proposes that all the witch-hunting committees should be wound up, and that a new Senate-House body should take their place, giving witnesses the right to cross-examine their accusers and permitting them to exclude television cameras from a hearing. It is Senator Knowland, Mr. Taft's successor as the Senate leader, who suggests that the rules be revised to prevent McCarthy from holding one-man inquiries in the name of a whole committee. Very late in the day, some of the Senator's colleagues in Congress, and much of the American press, have realised how dangerous he is.

The Stevens case was the issue on which the President should have fought. Once again, Eisenhower wavered. Why? Such an honourable, if politically inexperienced, President can have no desire to play the Hindenburg, though that may be the role in which McCarthy has cast him. The answer is painfully simple. McCarthy has been so successful in the past—partly through lack of determined opposition from the White House—that he has forced his party to fight this year's elections on his terms. It was useless for the President to "hope" that Communism "would not be the issue": McCarthy, for obvious reasons, was determined that it should, and he carried the Republican National Committee with him. President Eisenhower, who knows that the auguries point to a Democratic victory in November, has been told that the campaign is lost before it is begun unless McCarthy is let loose on the Democrats. Rather than run the risk of destroying his party's chief asset in a bitter civil war, the President has chosen his present shameful course.

The danger of this policy is that, should the Republicans win by following McCarthy, the Senator's position will become unassailable. It will be too late then for the "showdown" so long promised, so long postponed: McCarthy will have cleared the way for his bid for the next presidential nomination. If, however, the Republicans lose—and last week's events must have greatly discredited them among the independent voters who swung behind Eisenhower in 1952—then McCarthy may have lost all in this gamble; his will be the odium of defeat, and the road to the White House will be closed. Such a fortunate turn of events is the most that can be hoped for. Yet no such calculation can pardon or disguise the decision of the President to put party gain before a clear national interest. Those who now see for the first time that McCarthyism threatens American democracy, and even orderly government, must look elsewhere than the White House for a standard-bearer.

### Odd Man Out at Brussels

The tragi-comedy of the Socialist debate on German rearmament was reduced to its logical (and absurd) conclusion last week-end, when the European Socialist Conference at Brussels voted by 10 to 1 in favour of a resolution which implied acceptance of a West German contribution to Western defence. The single opposition vote was that of the Germans. As Mr. Morgan Phillips remarked, "German Socialists were against [the resolution which was carried] because they feared rearmament of West Germany might split Germany permanently and because, within the proposed E.D.C., West Germany would have a status of inferiority." The second objection might have proved negotiable: the first remains fundamental. If there were no other considerations against German rearmament, one would have thought this warning from the Germans themselves would have been sufficient indication of the folly of a resolution, which simultaneously called for "peaceful reunification of Germany on the basis of free elections" and supported the arming of a divided Germany. However, the issue may not be as finally settled as the German rearmers in both Britain and France hope. This week, resolutions from constituency Labour Parties, calling for a special Party Conference to consider the matter, are reported to be arriving in numbers at Transport House; and the Gallup Poll suggests that a clear majority of Labour supporters would prefer the Party to urge further negotiations with Russia on Germany before going ahead with German rearmament.

### Guns in the Gallery

The Puerto Rican terrorists who shot five Congressmen on Monday, like those who made the attempt on President Truman in 1950, belong to a very small ultra-Nationalist group. Their position, in fact, is very similar to that of the I.R.A. elements which took to bombing in London in the late 'Thirties: they are isolated extremists who feel that the more moderate politicians have compromised the struggle for independence. No one denies that economic conditions on the island are very bad: it is desperately overcrowded, and both wages and housing conditions are abysmally low. Every year, thousands of Puerto Ricans prefer to move to the slums of New York—where about 700,000 of them are huddled together in the slums on the fringe of Harlem—than to stay at home. Anyone who has seen their rack-rented tenement houses in New York, or seen the innumerable ways in which they suffer discrimination, even at the hands of Negroes, must realise how much worse things are for them at home that such squalor seems an improvement. For most Puerto Ricans, however, independence is not a simple solution. Certainly, they have pressed hard for greater self-government, and recently secured it. But the price of "freedom" from the United States is too high. As things are, Puerto Ricans are U.S. citizens with the right of unrestricted entry. So many have availed themselves of this escape route that they have become the last immigrant group in the classical tradition. The U.S., moreover, allows the island's products to enter without tariffs, and subsidises its health and other government services. If independence removed these privileges, the island's population and social problems would be aggravated.

### Guarded Diagnosis

Devoting much of its annual *Survey*, this year, to the special problems of the backward peasant economies of the Mediterranean litoral, the Economic Commission for Europe is cautious in its conclusions as to the trend of developments, during 1953, in Western Europe as a whole. There was a satisfactory easing of immediate "strains"—on supplies, price levels and balances of foreign payments—and in most countries there was a distinct recovery from the 1951-52 industrial recession, a recovery which gave scope, particularly in Britain, for greater market "freedom." Yet, underlying this appearance of progress, there were disquieting symptoms. There was no "strong and unambiguous" growth of production or productive power; private capital investment, outside the field of armaments, tended to flag; the price (in terms of resistance to manufactured exports) had still to be paid for the current benefit of improved terms of trade; and the still unsolved problem of the dollar trading deficit was merely masked by U.S. net military expenditure abroad at the rate, in 1953, of $2.6 billion, of which the bulk was taking the form of "off-shore" purchases of armaments whose termination would leave Europe with a formidable reconversion problem. Above all, the *Survey* notes that the year ended with a great question mark: would recession in the U.S. deepen? Until the answer is known to that question the business of European forecasting must remain largely guesswork.

### What Next in Engineering?

The most important feature of the reports on wages in engineering and shipbuilding is the suggestion that "an authoritative and important body" might be appointed to consider and report on the entire question of the earning of wages in the present position of the British economy as a whole. The Court of Inquiry confessed its own inability to "assess or quantify" the dangers that might arise from a substantial increase in production-costs. Obviously it felt that the engineers and shipbuilders had a case for an increase in wages, but that the granting of an increase to this very large and heterogeneous bundle of industries would be bound to have wide repercussions. The Court therefore compromised by proposing an advance rather smaller than those recently granted in other cases; and it recommended a percentage rather than a flat rate in order to do very little towards meeting the claim for an improvement in the relative position of the skilled workers. Even if the employers accept the recommendations—which have no binding force—they will certainly not satisfy the Unions representing mainly the more skilled workers. The big general Unions on the other hand will almost certainly wish to accept them, and will be most reluctant to be drawn into a struggle in which the main object will be to extract better terms for the more skilled. The A.E.U. and the other Unions, which endorsed at an earlier stage the idea of a ban on overtime and piecework, are not finding it easy to apply in practice; and a section of opinion, especially in the A.E.U., is pressing for an out-and-out strike. But, the more this is advocated, the more will the general Unions react the other way. The next word, however, is with the employers. If they say "No," all the Unions will be drawn, willy-nilly, into a fight.

NEXT WEEK

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### Relaxing the Tension in Uganda

After many weeks of intense political activity the Baganda delegation has returned to Kampala. While they were in London, its members won universal admiration for their courtesy and diplomatic skill. They soon found, however, that the Colonial Secretary's "No" to the Kabaka's return was really final, and they therefore turned their attention to the Opposition. Naturally Labour Members were sympathetic to their suggestion that since the Kabaka had recanted on all his demands he should be allowed to resume in office. During the past ten days, however, their persuasive arguments have been massively countered by Sir Andrew Cohen himself, a Colonial Governor whose advice no Socialist can afford to brush aside. After a great deal of heart-searching behind the scenes, the Labour Parliamentary Committee has decided not to support the Kabaka's claim.

This decision will leave Sir Andrew free to resolve the crisis on the spot. His aim, as the Colonial Secretary's statement made clear, is to divert attention from the personality of the Kabaka and to concentrate discussion on the important political and constitutional issues which have arisen as a result of the crisis. It is now clear, for instance—as it was not clear before the Kabaka was deposed—that, if the pledge extracted from Mr. Lyttelton is to be honoured and the Protectorate is to become a self-governing African State, Buganda, its largest and most advanced territory, cannot remain a semi-feudal autocracy. This, no doubt, is why Sir Andrew has invited Professor Hancock to visit Uganda as a constitutional expert and to give his assistance in discussing possible revisions of the out-dated and dangerously ambiguous 1900 Agreement.

### Eltham Hill School

Miss Horsbrugh's refusal to approve the L.C.C. proposal "to cease to maintain" Eltham Hill County Secondary School is a crafty piece of politics of considerable importance. The L.C.C. intends to integrate all its County Grammar schools into Comprehensive schools. Naturally, this plan (which has been repeatedly endorsed by the electors of London) evokes protests against the closure or changed status of many existing schools. Miss Horsbrugh has picked a case where the protests have been particularly clamant and where local sentiment is genuinely on the side of a well-

established school with a fine tradition. But her intervention is much more than merely a harmless concession to local patriotism: it is a shrewd blow at the L.C.C.'s programme of Comprehensive schools. For, if the new Comprehensive at Kidbrooke has to run in rivalry with Eltham Hill, it will have to start without a proper "6th form cadre"; and it is almost certain to remain, at least for a long time, little more than a glorified Modern school. Meanwhile, Eltham Hill will continue to cream off the scholarship children—a high proportion of them naturally from middle-class homes. This is precisely what London Tories have been seeking to achieve, ever since the idea of the Comprehensive school was first mooted. Miss Horsbrugh, by yielding to them a position from which they can redouble the effectiveness of their campaign against classless education, has done for them what the electors would not.

## PAKISTAN

### East Bengal Elections

*A Correspondent writes:* East Bengal, the province containing a great part of Pakistan's population, faces, on March 8, its first general election since the country's independence. Polling will last for about two weeks and results are expected about the end of this month. The East Bengal election's primary purpose is to elect a new Legislature for the province, but it has assumed considerable national importance on account of the effect it is likely to have upon the policies and position of the Prime Minister, Mr. Mohammed Ali, who hails from this province and relies on it for political support. The demand for the recognition of Bengali as a national language for Pakistan, in addition to Urdu, is dominating the election campaign. The feeling in East Bengal for bi-lingualism is so strong that even Mohammed Ali was compelled to support it in his recent election speeches. The recent Turkish alliance and American military aid, just as most foreign policy questions, are not featuring as prominently in the election campaign as some outside observers had expected. However, the opposition leaders say that Mohammed Ali arranged the timing of their announcement to bolster the Muslim League.

There are 1,285 candidates contesting 309 seats in the East Bengal Legislature. 237 of these seats now belong to Muslims, and the rest are divided among Hindus and other minorities. Former Premiers of pre-Partition Bengal, Fazlul Haq and H. S. Suhrawardy, have set up the United Front, a curious combination of elements ranging from a faction of fanatical Mullahs, led by Moulana Athar Ali, to the Left-wing Ganatantri Dal. It is putting forward as vague a programme as that of the official Muslim League.

The Communists have put up only 7 candidates, and the new Revolutionary Socialist Party 28. Efforts of the Hindu leaders to agree on a single list of candidates were unsuccessful, and as great a proportion of contestants for the Hindu seats are in the field as for the Muslim. All parties recognise that the election will not result in a walk-over for any party and it is thought probable that Hindu M.P.s may hold the balance between the Muslim League and the United Front. Realising that the League's defeat in the Eastern wing of Pakistan could seriously undermine his own position in the Federal Government in Karachi, Mohammed Ali has embarked on a vigorous whistle-stop election campaign, which may be enough to get him home.

## PARIS

### The Mechanics of Ratification

*Our Paris Correspondent writes:* There now seems little doubt that, in due course, the Assembly will ratify E.D.C. The failure of the Berlin Conference to provide an alternative solution to the German problem, added to the inexorable logic of France's dollar dependence, has convinced many waverers of both the Right and the Left that German rearmament is inevitable and that E.D.C., all things considered, provides the best framework. But the question still remains: How will ratification be accomplished, and when?

It is difficult to see how the Treaty can be brought up for debate before the beginning of May. At Berlin, M. Bidault received assurances that France would receive satisfaction on the two points—the Saar, and some form of British participation—which M. René Mayer laid down as preconditions last year. Most observers agree that these assurances will be honoured, at least formally, but the process will take time; talks on the Saar are scheduled for the second half of March and no date has yet been suggested for the talks to be held in Paris on British participation. In addition, the Bonn and Paris treaties are still being examined by various Parliamentary committees; the reports of the Foreign Affairs and French Union committees, both highly critical, were presented last week, but those of the Finance and Defence Committees are still awaited. Finally, there is a strong feeling, even among supporters of E.D.C., that the debate should not be held until after the Geneva Conference. M. Bidault is opposed to this on the grounds that it will tend to confuse E.D.C. with Indo-China—two things which he maintains, officially, are unconnected; he has even proposed to hold the debate while the Conference is in session—but his views will almost certainly be overruled by a large majority of the Cabinet.

If, then, the debate is held after the Conference, how will the Government enlist the necessary majority? There are two alternatives. First, M. Laniel can attempt to persuade a majority, or at least some, of the Gaullists to change sides. He would undoubtedly prefer this way since it would enable him to preserve his majority intact and would avoid the embarrassment of having to rely on Socialist support. During the past few weeks the splits in the Gaullists have been widening, and there is now a better chance than ever before of luring some of the splinter-groups into the E.D.C. lobby. Certainly, by promising to add further protocols to the Treaty, M. Laniel could enlist sufficient Gaullists to ensure its ratification. But it is doubtful if either the United States or the other signatories would accept such changes.

There remains the second alternative: the Socialists. For the first time there seems a real possibility that a majority of the Party will follow M. Mollet's official line and ratify the Treaty. Berlin has not changed the attitude of its leading opponents within the Party, but it has had some effect on members of the rank-and-file who were previously uncommitted. At last week's meeting of the National Committee, opposition voices were noticeably silent, and M. Mollet's motion, reaffirming qualified approval of E.D.C., was carried by a large majority. M. Mollet even felt himself strong enough to threaten disciplinary action against deputies who contravened the Party line on the Assembly Committees—a threat pointedly directed against Jules Moch and Daniel Mayer. Although the Socialist Left got some comfort from the recent Labour Party vote on German rearmament, the actual Commons debate itself was described by M. Mollet as "highly satisfactory," indicating, as he pointed out, that Britain was now prepared to give the guarantees which the French Socialists required as a condition of ratification The question has still to be debated at a special general meeting of the Party, but this will probably confirm present calculations—that about three-quarters of the Party will vote for E.D.C. If this happens, M. Laniel will probably choose to enlist Socialist support as the easiest way out—even at the cost of some resignations from his Cabinet.

# Churchill, Nasser and Neguib

Last week-end the British public took the chance of having a good guffaw at the expense of the "Gyppoes." Seen from a safe distance, the events in Cairo appeared so comic and the behaviour of the protagonists so ludicrous that it was easy to indulge in the contemptuous laughter which is the traditional British attitude to Middle Eastern politics. Those who laughed, however, overlooked one awkward truth. There was a time when Mossadeq was treated as a figure of fun, as richly comic as the Dancing Major. Mossadeq fell, but not before he had called our military bluff and seized our most valuable capital asset in the Middle East. Last week-end the Egyptian comedy might have taken a similar course if Neguib and Nasser had not patched up their differences just in time. The jolly laughter in London would have come to a sudden stop if the news had come through that the Junta had fallen and the Moslem Brotherhood were lynching defenceless English men and women in the streets. Then Sir Winston Churchill would have been faced with a dilemma no less acute than that presented to Mr. Attlee during the Persian crisis. Should the British Army in the Canal Zone march on Cairo, or should it do nothing at all?

Because he still vaguely believes that, in the last resort, he can order the march on Cairo, Sir Winston has deliberately permitted the situation to deteriorate until it reached the point of last week's comedy in Cairo and this week's tragedy in Khartoum. His view has been that masterly inactivity would wear down the popularity of the Egyptian Junta in the Sudan, as well as in Egypt. Then, when Neguib was thoroughly discredited, Britain could reassert her authority in both countries. Let us give credit to the Prime Minister. His policy has not been without results. In Khartoum the Mahdi's supporters were emboldened by this anti-Egyptian diplomacy to stage a carefully organised armed riot on the occasion of General Neguib's visit. This riot had nothing to do with the week-end events in Cairo; it had everything to do with the abject failure of the Umma party at the recent general election. The Mahdi was Britain's chosen political instrument in the Sudan and he was certainly encouraged by Sir Winston's behaviour to frustrate by violence the opening of a Parliament dominated by a pro-Egyptian majority. Sir Winston, of

course, has disavowed any intention of encouraging such lawlessness, but he should have known how easily false conclusions would be drawn from his undisguised hostility to General Neguib, and he must therefore bear his share of responsibility for what happened last Monday.

In Cairo too his delaying tactics have achieved spectacular results. Last October, when the unofficial talks between Britain and Egypt had reached substantial agreement they were suddenly broken off, on the ground that the Junta was pitching its demands too high. Before Christmas, Sir Ralph Stevenson returned to Cairo, and it was confidently expected that he was bringing with him a new British offer. But Sir Ralph brought nothing at all; and the prestige of the Junta, which had been sagging for some time, dropped disastrously. It has long been clear that the revolution effected by these young Army officers, with their fatherly President, has come to a full stop. A moderate land reform has been carried out—on paper, but any advantage to the fellaheen has been cancelled by a catastrophic fall in the price of cotton. Corruption—the endemic disease of an incompetent and underpaid civil service—has been curbed, but the only result has been to remove the grease which kept the antique wheels of Egyptian bureaucracy moving.

Unable to improve the economic situation, the Junta concentrated attention on relations with Britain. These young Army officers genuinely and sincerely desire to transform the detested British occupation into an honourable military alliance between the two countries. Ever since they came to power they have struggled to achieve this transformation; and they have received a great deal of co-operation from the British Embassy in Cairo, from Sir Brian Robertson and from the Foreign Secretary. But behind all these loomed the figure of Sir Winston, who has succeeded in combining the office of Prime Minister with the leadership of the Tory rebels. Along with Captain Waterhouse, Sir Winston has been busily obstructing the negotiations set in motion by his Foreign Secretary, in the hope of avoiding the necessity of reaching any agreement with Egypt. Last week-end his hope seemed near fulfilment.

Failure always breeds dissension, and the Junta was palpably failing. Within its ranks there have always been conspirators, eager to follow the example of Mossadeq in Persia and the Irgun in Palestine. Every nationalist movement always splits into a Right wing, which believes in constitutionalism and hopes for success by negotiation, and a Left wing composed of terrorists, waiting for the day when negotiation has failed and their secret society can get to work. This split began to manifest itself in the Revolutionary Council. To make matters worse, the Moslem Brotherhood, declared illegal last month, was steadily gaining influence in the streets outside, and even the Wafd, whose organisation was suppressed last January, was showing signs of renewed vitality. All these pressures combined to precipitate a clash between Neguib and Nasser.

This clash was not directly related to the British negotiations. Colonel Nasser has always been the leader of the moderates in the Junta. He believes in Westernisation, in the maintenance of the Suez base and in good relations with Britain—views which General Neguib cordially shares. But, though the two men agreed on policy, they differed on the crucial issue of how to retain the power which was rapidly slipping from them. Neguib believed that the position could be restored if he himself, as President, assumed the powers of a personal dictator. Nasser was determined to retain authority in the hands of the Revolutionary Council, with himself as its chosen leader. In the event, neither found he could survive without the other. The announcement of Neguib's dismissal and house arrest was more than the Sudanese troops of the Frontier Guard could stomach, and within hours it was clear that, unless the President was restored to office, everything would be lost at Khartoum. On the other hand, Neguib at last was brought to realise that he would become a mere figurehead without the Revolutionary Council. The Junta has now regained unity: but its prestige is still further damaged.

The sober observer will draw two conclusions from all this. First, it is essential at once to create some constitutional framework for Egypt. For two and a half years, thirteen young men have ruled the country as an unofficial committee, responsible to no one and with only a single rule of procedure for their own deliberations, namely that all decisions are reached by a majority vote. The Council is inspired by the most earnest good intentions, its members are all honest patriots and, in the absence of anybody to whom they are responsible, they have sought to discipline themselves by techniques of confession and mutual criticism which remind one of the Oxford Group. Such a group of personal friends can stage a *coup d'etat*, but it cannot rule a modern state for long. If the result of last week-end's fantastic proceedings is to bring this home to Colonel Nasser, as well as to General Neguib, then good may yet come out of evil.

In the second place, it is vital that the negotiations broken off last October be resumed forthwith. We appreciate that Mr. Eden, as heir apparent, is reluctant either to cross an aged Premier or to make himself unpopular with an influential body of back-benchers. For over a year now he has appeased Sir Winston and the Tory rebels, and thereby endangered our last chance of restoring the position in the Middle East. If he wants to show himself worthy of the Premiership, the best way to do so is to risk some temporary unpopularity by doing what he knows to be his duty.

# Socialists and a German Army

As an international Socialist, I am deeply disturbed by the decision of the Parliamentary Labour Party and of the Party Executive to support the rearmament of Western Germany, but also relieved at the narrowness of the majorities by which these decisions were reached, and hopeful of their reversal by the coming Party Conference. I do not for a moment believe that these decisions correctly represent the prevailing view among active British Socialists, or that those who misguidedly voted for them can have fully considered the consequences of their act. The excuse advanced for the vote is that the Berlin Conference has shown the impracticability of coming to terms with the Soviet Union, and has thus made it unavoidable to rearm the Western Germans as the only means of procuring a land force adequate for the defence of the West against potential Russian aggression. The whole of this argument seems to me highly disputable. I cannot agree that the Russians were solely, or even mainly, responsible for the failure of the Berlin Conference, or even that it did entirely fail—for is it not something to have agreed to meet for discussion of the problem of the Far East, instead of breaking off altogether? I cannot see how the Russians could be expected to agree to German unification on terms which would have left the Americans free to carry on with their plans for rearming Germany and building the whole country into the military structure of the West. From every point of view, the rearming of Germany, whether of the West only or of the whole country, seems to me fundamentally wrong, as well as utterly unwise.

It is wrong, in the first place, in the interests of Socialism and of the German people; for it will inevitably strengthen the very forces in Germany which every Socialist and believer in internationalism has most cause to fear. Twice in my lifetime, the Germans, dominated by their native militarists, have overrun Europe and have been barely beaten back after they had inflicted immense sufferings and indignities on the lands they had invaded. Even if, on the first of these occasions, the blame was not wholly on the German side, the greater part of it was, and the violation of Belgium and the conduct of the German armies showed the contempt of the German ruling classes for both international law and civilised human behaviour. On the second occasion, with the Nazis proclaiming bestiality as national prowess, their conduct was far worse, above all in the mass-murder and destruction which marked their invasion of Russia. Indeed, the case was one of brutal and exultant aggression; and the only blame falling on the countries which were its victims was for the poltroonery or cynicism of their rulers in allowing the Nazis to build up their power unchecked, and in coming shamefully to terms with Hitler at Munich and, in the case of Russia, in the disgraceful German-Soviet Pact. Can we suppose that the years of indoctrination of Germany's youth by the Nazis have left behind them no legacy of perverted attitudes to reinforce the older Prussianism of the military caste? Can our leaders, who call themselves Socialists, fail to see that the rearmament of Germany is an act of treason to the German Socialists, who need our help in struggling against the reviving militarist nationalism, of whose strength among their own people they are but too well aware? Can they not see that a rearmed Germany is bound to be a Germany set on regaining its imperial power and determined either to make war for the winning back of its lost provinces in the East or, in cynical alliance with the East, to seek in the West compensation for their loss? Even if, at the outset, the new West German army is instituted nominally as part of a combined West European force, who can guarantee that it will remain so, or say on which side, if war does come, the Germans will finally choose to fight? And, even if they fight with the West, and against the Russians, is that what we Socialists want? Assuredly it is not what I want; and the last thing I want to see is an unaccepted frontier along which a West German army confronts an East German army, very much as in Korea, before war came, North and South Korean forces glowered across the Parallel.

To-day, almost everyone seems to agree that the danger of immediate world war has become less, largely because of the appalling increase in the power of the contending parties to wreak disastrous damage on each other. The danger of world war is now much less that either the United States or the Soviet Union will deliberately provoke it, than that there will occur somewhere an incident in which one or other will feel its prestige to be inextricably involved. There are enough danger-points for such incidents without our going out of our way to create more, as we shall necessarily do if we put arms into the hands of the Germans. I know it is argued that we cannot hope to create a land army capable of defending Western Europe without German divisions, and that the purpose in view is purely defensive. But will the outcome be purely defensive? I fear not; and I desperately fear the power to involve their allies in their projects of *revanche* which rearmament will put into the Germans' hands.

Indeed, I can imagine nothing that would induce me to support or acquiesce in any form of German rearmament, whether what is proposed be a contingent in a nominally international force or a national army equipped with American aid. I have no faith that it is possible to create a truly international army among countries which cannot create a common government; and even if I thought such an army could be created I should be afraid of it because there would be no democratic international organ to which it could be made responsible. I have no more wish to be dragged into war by generals than by Germans. What I want is to avoid war; and I see better hope of avoiding it even in leaving things as they are than in thrusting more weapons into unsafe hands.

The case against re-arming Germany seems indeed so clear that it is puzzling, until one thinks twice, that any responsible person, or at any rate any Socialist, should be in favour of it. Why is it favoured? The plain fact is that, except by a handful of nit-witted anti-Communist fanatics, in this country it is not. Unless the Americans were pushing it hard, there is hardly a soul in the British Labour movement who would support it. It is backed because the Americans insist on it, and because of fears that, unless we accept it, the Americans will withdraw their help and write off Western Europe as a total loss. By the same token, we could find ourselves supporting absolutely anything the American Government might choose to require, however disastrous to us it might be. But such an attitude could make sense only if the Russians showed any sign of intending to overrun Western Europe—which they do not. Indeed, even in that case it would not make sense; for it is plain nonsense to suppose that the Americans, who made such a fuss about Korea and are so dominated by their fears of an extension of Communist power in the world, would stand aside while the Communists absorbed the great resources of Western Europe, merely because we had rejected the idea of putting arms into the West Germans' hands. In any event, a Russian invasion of the West would mean world war, with the Americans taking part in it; and there would not be much left of us when it was over, whichever side won.

What, then, are those of us who absolutely reject the rearmament of Germany to do? First and most obviously, we must work hard to ensure that every section of the Labour movement understands what is at stake, sends resolutions of protest to Mr. Attlee and to Transport House—to the T.U.C. as well as to the Labour Party—and also to the Co-operative Party and the Co-operative Union. We must mobilise our forces for the Congresses of these bodies, and above all for the Labour Party Conference. We must make common cause with non-Socialist opponents of the now accepted policy, especially through peace organisations which are not suspect of being in Communist hands, through churches, and through every contact we possess. We must make it plain to our own leaders, as well as to the Government, that, if they persist in their present line, they must expect formidable and persistent opposition from a large body of opinion, and must not expect our co-operation when their chickens come home to roost. If they persist, we must throw them out; but first we must give them a chance of realising that most of the active followers on whom they depend for winning elections or for making use of their victories are, on this issue, not with them but against them. As most of them *like* the prospect of a re-armed Germany hardly more than we do, we can expect them to come round to our view without too much difficulty if we make our determination plain. What we have to induce them to believe is that British Socialists are not prepared to accept American dictatorship, and are prepared to face the consequences of rejecting it when it issues orders that threaten to add to the danger of war.

The right policy in the interests both of world peace and of the Germans themselves is surely to re-unite and neutralise Germany, not to re-arm it. German unity is practicable without war only on a basis of disarmed neutralisation; for on no other terms can the Russians be expected to agree to unification. It is no doubt true that it would be possible for the Russians to march into an unarmed Germany; but it would have been equally possible for them to march into Western Germany at any time during the past few years, without the armies of occupation being able to put up much of a resistance. The deterrent to such a move, were a deterrent really needed, would be, not the presence of a defending army on the spot, but the knowledge that the consequence would be world war waged with atomic weapons. The presence of a German army, on any scale on which West European opinion could be induced, even under American pressure, to accept it, would provide no additional deterrent at all: it would be only an irritant. Nor does it make sense for the Americans at one and the same time to announce that they are changing their military policy from the maintenance of a large land army to concentration on atomic deterrents—and to go on requiring Western Europe to expend its substance on the very policy which they have decided to abandon.

Nor should we forget that, the more arms the Germans are allowed to have, the more we shall be called upon to provide in order to prevent German military predominance and to reassure the French and induce them to play their part. It is not our troops, but the Americans', that the German divisions are wanted to replace. Pressure has been put on us to agree to the American plans because without our participation the Americans could see no prospect of persuading the French. Agreement to re-arm the Germans thus confronts us with the certainty of being committed to maintain a large land army for potential employment in Europe for an indefinite period. In effect, arming the Germans against the Russians involves keeping us armed against the Germans as potential enemies of the French. The entire policy is sheer nonsense, as well as morally wrong. But it is above all on the score of its bad morality and of the treason to European Socialism in which it involves us that, as Socialists, we must fight it tooth and nail.

G. D. H. COLE

# London Diary

LAST Tuesday's Defence debate—with Sir Winston pleading vainly for national unity and Mr. Attlee stubbornly leading his followers into the No-lobby—marked the end of a chapter of Labour Party history. Anyone who bothers to read the full text of Mr. Attlee's and Mr. Strachey's closely reasoned speeches, and to compare them with the Supplement we published last week, will realise that what was once denounced as Bevanism has now become the orthodox Socialist attitude to Defence problems. It has taken just under three years of intense private and public debate—confused as such debates always are by the cross-currents of personal rivalries—to accomplish this transformation. And in the course of it all of us have learnt a great deal about the call-up and the phasing of arms production, subjects previously discussed only in expert circles. The fact is that crises and splits are the greatest instruments of political education a democratic party possesses. The 1931 crisis and the MacDonaldite split first taught most of us the elementary facts about the Gold Standard. The 1947 convertibility crisis introduced us to the intricacies of the dollar gap. So, too, the Bevanite crisis has forced Socialists all over the country to study the principles of strategy, the relation of arms production to capital investment and exports, and the effect on regular recruiting of national service. Without the education in planning priorities provided by this controversy, the Labour Party could never have been brought to accept the expansion through public ownership of the engineering and chemical industries which forms the central theme of *Challenge to Britain*.

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One curious feature of this week's proceedings is that those in the Labour Party who resisted this educational process most obstinately were the economists. Normally it is the Defence experts who vainly demand more money for the Forces and the economists who refuse to tolerate such extravagance on the ground that it will endanger national solvency and social advance. But in the Labour Party the position has been reversed. It was the Defence and Services Group, manned almost exclusively by ex-Service Ministers, who urged that this year's Defence Budget was an intolerable burden, and the economists who protested that we could comfortably afford it. The explanation of this paradox, I think, is that economists, just because they are inexpert in military matters, tend to regard Defence programmes as global money estimates, which must be treated with a reverence they do not accord to health, housing or education. After 1945, the Chiefs of Staff became figures endowed with the magical properties which in the 1920s Labour Ministers, unversed in economics, attributed to Sir Montagu Norman. It has taken the Bevanite crisis to rid the Party of this superstitious attitude towards the Chiefs of Staff, and to make it realise that Socialist Ministers must be as critical and well-informed in examining Defence problems as they are in dealing with the wages spiral.

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In an odd way, the reputation of the Prime Minister is now higher than it has ever been. I can recall no other case of a public man making so magnificent a death-bed repentance before,—and one hopes long before—the usual time. The old buccaneer, who has sought power ruthlessly, feasted on war, hunted down strikers, and poured contempt on Socialists, has now mellowed into a kindly, witty, peaceful and statesmanlike old gentleman. Malcolm Muggeridge precisely

missed the point in *Punch*. Illingworth's caricature shows the Premier as a drooling, lifeless old man, sitting at his desk, hardly able to lift a pen. If he had shown a jovial Churchill with his ear trumpet, laughing at everyone who was expecting him to retire, that would have been more convincing. His day is now short, but effective. He spends his mornings acquiring the feel of the world's pulse, working at answers to questions, and planning superb impromptus to follow expected supplementaries. An excellent lunch puts him in the best of form for an hour's dazzling display at the dispatch box. By teatime he is tired, but the afternoon has been a brilliant success. Nor is it true that he is past making a big speech. He made one last Thursday. One may complain that there was some inconsistency between his anxious support for Adenauer's rearmament policy, and his repeated hopes for better relations with Russia, an Austrian Treaty, and the development of East-West trade. But the tone of his speech would have seemed a subject of mockery to an earlier Winston Churchill; even today it seemed dangerously soft to the Tory Right wing and surprisingly agreeable to a large part of the Opposition. He even refrained from attacking that half of Labour which opposes German rearmament. He spoke of the "present mood of the Socialist dissentients—I prefer to use that word than rebels, being in a peaceful state of mind today." Which compels one to ask "when do rebels become dissentients?" Answer: "when there are enough of them."

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The death of Dean Inge recalls the period when Prime Ministers appointed men to positions of dignity in the Church because of their outstanding ability. I doubt if in these days Mr. Churchill would have chosen only intellectuals like Dean Inge or Bishop Barnes; and I am quite sure that Mr. Attlee would more often have listened to advisers who told him that such controversial figures would make trouble. Exceptionally able clerics tend to become dons and stay dons. Inge was a great scholar, an obscure and bad preacher and a brilliant writer. His public fame came from his outspoken essays. There prejudices were exactly the opposite to those of H. G. Wells, and different from those of G. B. S. Shaw did not believe in democracy, but only Inge among his friends and sparring partners pretended that the seed was so important that the soil could be neglected and, in the face of all the facts, declared that social reform had made us physically and morally inferior to our Victorian forebears.

* * *

Few representatives at the Court of St. James have seen greater changes during their period of office than Dr. Subandrio, who is now to become Indonesia's first Ambassador in Moscow. When he came to London nearly seven years ago, his country was still at war and there were only six Indonesians in England, who consisted, as far as I can make out, of Dr. and Madame Subandrio, three sailors and a cook. Today there are some two hundred Indonesians here, many of them studying our social services, trade unionism, education—our way of life. Dr. Subandrio and his wife (who is a medical Doctor and has taken her Ph.D. in Anthropology whilst in London) have become more intimate with English people and their habits than other foreign representatives I know here. Incidentally they have taught us all we know of Indonesia, including its dancing, painting and cooking. None of this could have happened if the Dutch curtain had not been lifted.

* * *

It will be tragic if the pedal cyclist goes the way of the mastodon and the sloth. One day, too late, we may find that there are none of him left. If "L" plates couldn't do it, nothing now will ever stop him fitting a little motor to his back wheel. And do you see what that does to him? He becomes a motorist. He remains a motorist even while he is pedalling with the motor switched off. Therefore he must pass the driving test, even though he never switches on again. He must (for the first time) have brakes. He must buy a bell or horn (shouting will no longer be enough), but unless he dismantles the motor and leaves it at home he mustn't sound his new bell or horn after 11.30 p.m. in a built-up area. He must pay licence duty and insure against third party risks. Without the little motor, he was liable to a mere forty-shilling fine for being thoroughly drunk. With it (even switched off) he can get six months and £100 fine for smelling of beer. Carrying his child to school on a little saddle clamped to the cross-bar, doubtfully lawful before, is now indisputably an offence; the child must sit behind him, astride a "proper seat." Doubling his speed, he has doubled also his capacity to kill and be killed. As a mere pedaller, he could refuse to tell the police his name and address when they found him riding without lights. Now they need only ask for his driving licence or (if he swerves round them) take his number. Does he know all this? It's too late, in the mounting din of auxiliary engines, to make him hear. Not that I would wish to stem the tide of evolution, and as a motorist I've sometimes contemplated the pedal cyclist without affection; but I think we should at least perceive what is happening to what has been an interesting form of life.

CRITIC

## STUDY IN SCARLET

Senators confess
*Questionnaires* disclose
Millions in U.S.
Redder than the rose.
Who straight tips can doubt
From the horse's mouth?
Now the murder's out,
Spread it North and South!
Rosy are Brass-hats,
Forces' personnel,
Leading Democrats,
State Department cell!
Red the Pentagon,
Pulpit, Bar and Bench—
Blush the news to Bonn!
Blush it to the French!
Communism spreads
Like a prairie fire;
Why highbrows are Reds
No one need enquire.
Not attested cranks,
Not the loony fringe,
Normal, adult Yanks
Take a ruby tinge!
Not for us to say
Why a free-born folk
Freedom throw away,
Hug the Soviet yoke!
Citizens are seen
Scarlet as can be—
Tell it to Viet Minh
And to Syngman Rhee!
Now the die is cast,
Rubicon is crossed,
Washington at last
By the Kremlin bossed!
Now the Senate's bird
Fouls its ruddy nest,
Let the news be heard!
Blush it East and West!
By no wishful thought
Be the world misled!
Truth to light is brought,
America's gone Red!

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.**

**Paste entries on a POSTCARD.**

Asked to comment on the new campaign, an official of the Lord's Day Observance Society said last night: "We don't give statements on Sunday." —*News Chronicle*. (R. R. G. Hicks.)

—— is wrong to suggest that I support the rich against the poor. To the Christian there is no class distinction—that idea was largely concocted by the working classes.—Letter in *Reynolds News*. (Mary Folley.)

The pleasures of a Continental holiday await you at Southport, "The Little Paris" of the Lancashire Coast.—Advt. in *Sunday Times*. (F. Lee-Jones.)

I am expecting my first baby in eight weeks and my one desire is to eat toothpaste. I should like it for every meal, but how expensive meals would be.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (L. Bate.)

Mr. A[illegible] stated that three applications for licences to import a total of eight Californian sea lions were received in 1953. Licences for animals such as sea lions were normally issued in terms of quantity and the Board of Trade would normally accept for licensing purposes any statement of the c.i.f. value given by the applicant.—*Board of Trade Journal*. (J. H. Crawford.)

# Anti-Americanism

THE course of true love never ran smoothly between Britain and America. We started with two wars. In those days, aristocratic Britain viewed the democratic gospel of the United States with the abhorrence with which America now regards Communism. During the 19th century, British writers, from Dickens and Mrs. Trollope downwards, never ceased to mock the Americans, and we reinforced the hatred which our superior airs evoked by driving thousands of embittered Irishmen to seek refuge in free America. It was not until the first World War that Americans really began to pay back these old scores with interest. Individually British visitors found, as always, that Americans remained their most generous friends. But they were embarrassed to find themselves bitterly assailed on the charge of imperialism because Britain had not quitted India, and on the charge of trickery and warmongery because we brought America into the war against Germany to suit our selfish interests. Today the charges have changed. We are attacked for anti-Americanism because we find the centre of imperialism now in Washington, and because we fail to accept America as our leader in a world crusade against Communism. The Anglo-American friction of 1954, it will be seen, is merely a phase of a most complex evolution which has deep psychological and historical roots; today, ancient irritations are aggravated by American sensitivity to such criticism as must assail any dominant world Power, and also by the inevitable resentment of the British who, as poor relations, are torn between reluctant gratitude and fear for their diminishing independence.

These complexities can only be described by historians, analysed by psychoanalysts and faced by politicians. I am here concerned with only one aspect—the criticisms of some American liberals, who rightly argue that in the battle for liberty we ought to be allies, and who suffer from the illusion that their dislike of us is due to our anti-Americanism. This point of view was well expressed in this journal last week by Mr. Paul Jacobs, who is a prominent American liberal, and member of the Executive of the Civil

Liberties Union in California. He argues that we distort the American scene by magnifying McCarthyism which he himself admits is "a terrible danger to freedom." We fail to describe "the day to day fight against McCarthyism carried on by ordinary people in the ordinary way, without the loss of jobs and without social ostracism." Again he complains that we emphasise the resistance of Americans who plead the Fifth Amendment (that is, presumably because they are Communists or near Communists), thus seeking escape instead, as he says, of dying for their faith like Socrates, or going to prison like Eugene Debs. Rather, he would have us notice the case of Governor Warren, who fought against the loyalty oath in California and still became Chief Justice, and Mr. Wechsler, who is still editor of the *New York Post* in spite of his abuse of McCarthy. He asks why we underrate the resistance to McCarthy by trade unions, by Americans for Democratic Action, and by some liberal church and academic groups. These, together with the more radical Democrats, he suggests, are the true American Left. To Democratic liberals like Mr. Jacobs, the Communists are a party of totalitarian reaction and only dupes persist in regarding them as progressives.

Arguing from experience of the Popular Front —in which some of their leaders were once active —and from the international record of the Soviet Union, such liberals justify their support for domestic and foreign anti-Communist crusades on the ground that Communists represent the same kind of menace to democracy as the Nazis and Fascists did before 1939. To doubt the wisdom of this attitude towards Communism at home and abroad is to show oneself anti-American, a pro-Communist, or, at best, a fellow-traveller or dupe. Americans who suggest that the civil liberties of Communists should be defended, or that the Soviet Union may not always be wrong—and there are still many who entertain these heresies—are condemned as fuddie-duddies who cannot clear their minds of the shibboleths of the Popular Front.

Perhaps it is lack of political experience which has made American democratic liberals so certain that the world is to be divided between the forces of Good and Evil; which blinds them to the fact that most of the world is neither pro-American nor pro-Soviet; that American policy has been to a large extent responsible for the extension of Communism to China; and which makes them assume Communist inspiration in every foreign criticism of American domestic or foreign policy. Their very defensiveness, as we can see in Mr. Jacobs's article, makes the situation in the United States sound far worse than we should ever have dreamt of suggesting. We know well that for most Americans life is normal, and witch-hunts are but newspaper sensations. It was *Time* magazine, not THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, which recently headed a column "It Didn't Happen Here," and beneath it described as a notable news item, one unsuccessful effort to burn the books disliked by Mr. Cohn and Mr. Schine. It had not occurred to us to draw the inference that in other parts of the United States, such fantastic attacks on the everyday liberties of American subjects were successful, and that we ought to single out for praise cases in which American liberals, in speeches and newspaper articles, attacked McCarthyism and got away with it. We should have certainly deserved the charge of anti-Americanism, and indeed of mere foolishness, if we had ever suggested that Democratic politicians like Mr. Jacobs were, at this stage, unable to broadcast and speak against Senator McCarthy in the ordinary course of party warfare. This journal has mentioned McCarthy's successes with dismay; it has never occurred to us to point out that many people habitually criticise McCarthyism *and* still walk the streets unmolested. Why should they not? Our trouble is that the protest of these liberal Americans has so far been ineffective in preventing McCarthy using the existence of a handful of Communists in America to destroy the very foundations of American liberty.

For four years now, we have been pointing to the danger of Senator McCarthy, and explaining that he is no individual phenomenon but the representative of a most powerful tendency in the United States. Because we have done so, we have been constantly accused of anti-Americanism, and repeatedly told that he was no more than a seven-days wonder, that he would collapse shortly in public ignominy, or be snuffed out between the thumb and finger of the President. On every one of these occasions our view has been before long only too terribly confirmed, and we have been more bitterly abused for being right. Today, when the Senator has reduced the army to surrender and the President to silence, the whole responsible press in the United States agrees with us.

A second point on which we must reply to Mr. Jacobs is that we have in fact particularly praised those who, like Owen Lattimore and Lilian Hellman, did not hide behind the danger of "self-incrimination," as well as others who, by refusing to speak, have landed themselves in jail for contempt of court. Mr. Jacobs fails to point out that the most common reason for pleading the Fifth Amendment is that, once that right is waived, McCarthy's victims have no other grounds on which to refuse to incriminate their friends. Mr. Jacobs was surely unwise in quoting the case of Mr. Wechsler of the *New York Post*. We did, in fact, rashly praise his public stand against McCarthy. What we did not know at the time, and Mr. Jacobs now forgets to mention, is that Wechsler also provided McCarthy with the list of names for which the Senator asked. We should have understood Mr. Jacobs's point better if Mr. Wechsler had, in fact, gone to prison like Eugene Debs, or even lost his job rather than put his old former friends and associates into jeopardy.

This brings us to the very root of the matter. What is this resistance to McCarthyism by ordinary men of which Mr. Jacobs boasts? That it exists is important. But is it possible to defend liberty in America when Communists, or suspected Communists, are being denounced, if you are preoccupied with keeping your own white robes immaculate from any smear of Red? We must frankly admit the difficulty. Liberals must dissociate themselves from Communists; at the same time, to defend civil liberty they must defend the liberties of Communists. It can be done. If it has to a very considerable extent been accomplished in this country that is because those who are concerned with civil rights realise that every battle for liberty has to be fought on bad cases, since those who attack liberty will choose the cases least easy to defend. In one respect at least McCarthy has learnt from Hitler. He hopes to ride to power on the wave of hysteria that he has himself engendered against the Communists; having exploited that, he will be in a position to destroy, in turn, the tolerant liberals. The lesson of Germany was that Nazism won because its enemies allowed themselves to be destroyed one by one. It is a hard saying for anyone who is as sincerely anti-Communist as Mr. Jacobs, but it is true that to make their fight against McCarthy effective, liberals must sometimes risk being smeared by fighting for the liberty of Communists.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

# No Victimisation!

IN the streets of Madrid this morning two charming *senoritas* compelled my wife and myself to buy two tickets in a lottery. We walked on and passed many a booth at which we might have bought more. I reflected virtuously on the betting laws of Britain, on the horror that fills us at the mention of street-betting or betting-shops. Then we returned to our *domicilio* and found Mr. Mulley's recent article in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

In my first (1935) election address to the startled electors of Oxford University the reform of the Betting Laws was, I think, number three on the list of lost causes which I undertook to tackle, if not to win. Two of these had some success: but on betting I never won a round. True, for 12 years I yapped for a betting tax, and may have had some influence on Mr. Dalton and Sir Stafford Cripps. But what they did in—was it 1948?—was so illogical and unjust that I deprecated it then and deplore it now. After my own long fruitless labours I must congratulate Mr. Mulley on having the courage to enter the stony field of betting at all. But I feel entitled to take a superior, though friendly, line with him when he says that it was obviously beyond the scope of a private Member to include the whole of the recommendations of the Royal Commission (1949) in his Bill. That is not the spirit of a fighting private Member. He should say, "In such affairs, where no Government will lift a finger, I at least will flourish a fist." I went the whole hog in my divorce, libel and betting Bills. The last was so faithful to the Report of the Royal Commission of 1932 that it even included the *abolition* of the Pools. That provision, perhaps, excepted, I believe that most of the Bill, if I had won a good place in the Ballot, might have gone through. So I am sorry that Mr. Mulley's Bill is called Pool Betting, and not simply Betting.

Mr. Mulley says that the argument of Sir Alan Herbert and others, that it is wrong to legislate for the Pools alone, "is pitifully unconvincing." I wonder why. For he "does the Pools" himself, as I do—and good luck to him! He calls his Bill the Pools Investors' Charter. This is not, for him, at least, one more round in what looks like a vendetta. He is not fighting for high morality, but for low gamblers like himself and me. Now, suppose that in his next Budget Mr. Butler announced that Pools winnings were to be subject to income tax, but not winnings on horse or dog. Would Punter Mulley still maintain that my objections were "unconvincing"? Probably not. Yet something like that has happened already: and Mr. Mulley's Bill, in principle, proposes a smaller but similar injustice. He has probably seen the 1953 Report of the Churches' Committee on Gambling. (I have myself seen only a summary.) The Committee, I think, would not bet on their horse-betting figures: they generally admit a possible margin of error of £50 m. on either side. But the general picture, I believe, is fair enough, and is remarkable. The Pools, poor "Fatty" on the right, if I may borrow from Beachcomber, are not the dominating figure you might expect from all the sound and fury about them. They represent, it seems, in terms of annual stakes, no more than one-eighth of the National Bet. Yet they pay three-quarters of the Betting Tax—£20 m. out of £28 m. last year.

Now, I am interested (a) as a pools "investor," in fair play for Mr. Mulley and me; (b) as a reformer, in tidy legislation, and (c) as a patriot, say, in getting more revenue, more fairly, from the betting taxes. As A, I object to paying a tax of 30 per cent. or six shillings, on every pound I send

to the Pools, while a man who bets on horses, or on football by way of fixed odds, pays no tax at all. Whatever the Pools promoter takes by way of commission, it is certainly not 6s. in the pound. I think it is more like 6d., and it does not worry me. So, if Mr. Mulley is truly burning with a sense of my injustices, I hope he will have a go at that 30 per cent. when the Budget comes.

As B, I object to a Bill which imposes new statutory obligations and expenses on one kind of office-bookmaker alone. Mr. Mulley keeps saying: Horse and Dog Pool betting are already controlled. Why not the football pools? Because he is not comparing like with like. Horse and dog pool-betting *on the course* are controlled: but they account for only one-seventh of the National Bet (Horse tote—£25 m., Dog tote—£60 m.). That leaves, say, £500 m., divided between uncontrolled, untaxed office and course bookmakers. Of that vast area Mr. Mulley proposes to register and regulate one-seventh only, the pathetic little £70 m. staked by people like himself and me. But the Royal Commission on which he proudly takes his stand recommended that *all* bookmakers be registered, and licensed, annually. I know very well the argument that the Pool system makes loss impossible and fraud easy, though no one ever accuses the Pools persons of dishonesty. But I doubt if the big fixed-odds fellow ever makes a noticeable loss. He is not like the starting-price bookie. He fixes the odds himself, no one can say if he fixes them fairly, and under this Bill no one is going to inquire. Nor do I suggest that we should. Again, the Pools folk are breaking no law: but some of the fixed-odds fellows could hardly swear the same. There is an utterly unsubstantial legend that cash betting off the course is lawful in Scotland: and some, at least, of our big bookmakers are accepting cash bets which travel to Scotland, where they are "deemed" to acquire legality, and return to London for handling. Again, this does not worry me: it makes me laugh. The more the Cash vs. Credit nonsense is mocked the better. But anyone who is hunting for irregularities should not confine himself to the Pools.

This kind of discrimination will drive—is driving already—much business from the controlled and taxed Pool to the free, fixed-odds fellow. One Liverpool firm is operating both ways. On their Obvious Eight (Pool coupon) you will pay tax of 30 per cent. On the Easy Eight (same matches, but fixed odds) you will pay no tax. The two coupons reach you in different envelopes; but they go back to the same building. This makes me laugh a little too. But it should help to show why I disapprove of Mr. Mulley's piecemeal effort at reform.

As A, B, and C, I want to see the whole of the 1949 Commission's recommendations placed before Parliament in statutory form; and on that foundation of logical law and general registration I would collect a fairly distributed betting tax which might raise £50 m. a year. I should do justice to the Dogs as well as the Pools, and tax my bet on Irish Lizard as well as my bets on Lizette and Stanley Matthews—but not at 30 per cent. If Mr. Mulley's Bill is ultimately rejected, I feel that some Government will have to "do something" soon, and do something thorough. If it goes through, there will be another period of repose in Whitehall, and then (who knows?) a third Royal Commission. I wish Mr. Mulley a fair wind through Committee; but if I were a Member still, unless the Government promised to bring in a comprehensive Bill in the next Session, I should vote against the Third Reading.

Mr. Mulley questions the figure (£3 m.) estimated by the Pools folk to be the cost of complying with his Bill. Before I left London I happened to meet one of the Admirals of the Pools, with one of his accountants; and I cross-examined them upon this point of expenses. The accountant made some rapid but elaborate calculations, and he was certainly sincere in his talk of millions. The assumption, I gathered, was that the *weekly* account demanded by the Bill, a spacious document, would have to be sent by post to every "investor." About this I am not quite clear; but if the figure is reasonably correct I shall certainly, as A, be far from grateful to Mr. Mulley; for it will be another, and a heavy charge (about 10d. in the £) on the total stakes. The Pools are not a charitable organisation, and are unlikely to feel like bearing the cost of doing something that Parliament compels them to do for the benefit of Mr. Mulley and me. Mr. Mulley, and others, say that they spend too much on unnecessary advertisement. I think that may be so; and in my own Bill there were provisions (drawn from the Royal Commission of 1932) about all betting "inducements," which Mr. Mulley could have proposed himself if he had been more bold and made his Bill more wide. The same can be said of many other bookmakers. But no one is seeking to tell them how to run their businesses.

The Pools folk, I agree again, may not be very clever, politically. I did not think much of the statement that accompanies the invitation to the Poll, especially as I advised the gentlemen I met to address us in a very different way. But I must say that I did not feel that I was in the presence of monsters. Rather, I thought of the underdog, and was sorry for them. They make money, no doubt; but they are efficient, honest, as far as I know, and give much pleasure. Yet every man's hand seems to be against them, and against them alone, in the vast world of wagering. A phrase with which Mr. Mulley will be familiar kept running strangely through my head: "No victimisation!"

A. P. HERBERT

**Drambuie**

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# Hut of Women

To begin with we had all liked the A.T.S. After all, we were "operational"; some people even said that, as radar operators on a mixed battery, we were entitled to call ourselves "gunners." The W.A.A.F. and the W.R.N.S. might marry officers, have affected voices, and education; but we were tough. Everybody said so. Most of us had wanted first of all to work in Signals or as drivers, but had failed both the practical tests. Some of the girls had talked their way out of becoming cooks or orderlies—the two jobs most disliked in the Service, or had been moved from predictor training. The predictor teams worked in the open beside the guns, guiding them on reports sent out from the plotting room. We worked mysteriously in closed cabins, where we balanced points of light on our television tubes. We did not know much about what the points of light were, but we did know that there were 30,000 volts somewhere around out sets, and it was our reports that told the plotting room what to tell the predictors to tell the guns.

Our trade badges—a group of radio flashes—were the high point of our uniforms. The rest of our clothes had to live up to them. The authorities issued us with dark plastic buttons. These we traded-in for tarnished brass buttons, which we rubbed with emery boards and polished, until they had the bright, worn look of a veteran's. We rubbed the nap off our new tunics to make them look older, and we boned our shoes and spat on them until they too looked as if they had been polished and used for several years. Our skirts were meant to hang straight, but we pressed them into complicated pleats, and they had to be re-ironed every time we went out. We hated our thick stockings and our woollen knickers, but there was nothing we could do about them.

Towards the end of 1944, twenty of us shared a hut in Wales. By this time we liked the A.T.S. less. But we were all under 19, and we liked each other and we liked our hut. We kept it warm with a coke stove which burned anything we could steal from the men's huts or the carpenter's shed. We used it to cook on—the cooks stole food for us in return for our fuel—and we kept our windows tight screwed up. But we were very bored. The battery had not fired a shot in anger for the last two years. Our only night alarm had been an English plane off-course, whose pilot had neglected to give the proper signals. For a time we had painted our cabins, greased their springs, and polished their brass. We made tea in our field hut, and told each other stories. Our favourite was the A.T.S. sergeant who had slapped her boy friend's face as they were walking out. "What did you do that for," he asked; "I've done nothing." "No, but I had my predictor with me," she said. And we laughed and laughed. Sometimes we sang our two special songs—one for all radar operators, and one in praise of our battery and denigration of the one next door. Their tunes and words were part of the secret Army folk-lore we were all learning.

Over Christmas, our transmitter and receiver were taken away, and we were left with our generator. We oiled and greased this and let it run for ten minutes every day, but it did not take

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THE possibility of using radio to detect and locate unseen objects has intrigued scientists since the turn of the century, but it was not until the advent of the multi-cavity magnetron during the late war that the history of modern radar began.

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Today, magnetrons are playing an essential part in radar navigation. Ships and harbours are no longer hidden by fog and mountain peaks cease to be obscured by cloud. The cathode ray tubes of air and sea navigators present pictures of the way ahead even when visibility is zero.

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much time. Otherwise there were A.B.C.A. lectures—on the war, world events, the history of philosophy, and the appreciation of art. We found them all very boring except for one on post-war housing. Everybody except me wanted a house with a garden rather than a flat. Generally we preferred to read our "books." These were not actual books—except in the case of Ida, the Jamaican lance-corporal who wanted to become a barrister—but all the women's magazines, old or new, that we could find. We boasted of our homes, families, and jobs—none of us, again except Ida, had ever lived outside our homes—and we "played husbands." Irene and Rita invented the game. They lay on a bed together and giggled; occasionally they slapped each other, and that was all.

There were also our interests to safeguard. It had begun by two of the girls walking out with the two corporals from the plotting room. Thereafter the plotting room saw to it that it was always our radar set which was closest to the practice aeroplane and quickest to follow its moves. Our officer was congratulated on our smartness. She was a twenty-five-year-old from a good girls' boarding school—conscientious and rather puzzled—but we disliked her because she left her rings by the wash basins, and if they went we should be accused of stealing them. Also she tried to open our windows and to take us for long walks in the idle afternoons.

Now that our radar cabins had gone, three of us took it in turns to walk out with the sergeant-major. He was a married man of about forty-five, and he said—we believed him—that his wife did not understand him. There were far too few young men about the camp. The R.E.M.E. mechanic despised us—he was going to be a schoolteacher and read Pelicans in an ostentatious way. The Home Guard were responsible for the guns, and they were all respectable men with wives too close at hand to misunderstand them. The clerk in the pay office did not like women. This was probably why Madge fell in love with the men's officer. He was a young man with boils and used to shout at us when we were slow, cranking our generator. He shouted at Madge most; and officially, and in public, he had nothing to do with us. But at night he stood outside our hut and called persistently until Madge went out to him. All the rest of us were kept awake, but Madge giggled and said he had promised to divorce his wife. After a time the officer started to call for Connie instead, and Madge threw her own and her neighbour's glass of beer at Connie one night in the N.A.A.F.I.

Those of us who were not walking out with anyone spent our evenings in the N.A.A.F.I. We could all get drunk on three half-pints, and every night Ida and I put all the others to bed. We took off their boots and their tunics, and put in their curlers. If we forgot the curlers, the girls could not sleep, but lay awake moaning for their mothers until they were sober enough to twist them in themselves. It was not worth undressing anyone properly, as we all slept in our underclothes and trousers anyway. That was another thing our officer did not like about us. Early in 1945 I was invalided out of the A.T.S. with a pension, two little medals, and a temporary distaste for beer and young men with officer-like qualities.

LOIS MITCHISON


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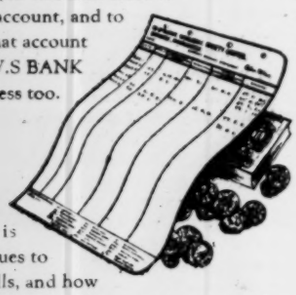

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# The Arts and Entertainment

## BALLET

SPANISH, Indian and Negro dancing are the only kinds of indigenous ballet that have developed to such a degree that the natives are able to export them commercially with bands of their own people as interpreters. One of the chief delights in this kind of company is to sense the pungent atmosphere of an alien, and, especially to the foreigner, romantic conception of life. Antonio and his Spanish Ballet, now appearing for four weeks at the Stoll, express this national spirit far too seldom; but when they do the numbers are always a success. Not so the more ambitious and less traditional ballets devised by Antonio. These are, on the whole, terribly dull, for by amalgamating both the classical ballet and Spanish styles, nothing of any real individuality has resulted. Antonio is not a cunning choreographer, his genius lies in his interpretation of the strictly Spanish forms, where there are no pretentions to Higher Art. His dancing is superb. The sharp and flashing movements are so balanced, so driven from the centre of his body that there is never a moment of wavering, never a second when we are not sure he will bring off the most difficult step. In Flora Albaicin he has found, if not an equal, certainly a worthy partner, who gives out an intense and spontaneous zest, which seems to drive Antonio to a frenzy. It is almost an ecstatic frenzy, absolutely controlled and patterned within the strict conventions of the Spanish style. To see these two dance the *Seguirillas* or Antonio his famous, breath-taking *Zapateado* makes the rest of the programme worth sitting through. Not that it is all that bad, except for the lighting which is hair-raising in its violent colour. There is a delightful sequence of Basque dances and excellent traditional numbers performed by Rosita Segovia and Paco Ruiz.

For the opening night of the Sadler's Wells Ballet's return to Covent Garden, after their resounding American tour, Margot Fonteyn danced Princess Aurora in *The Sleeping Princess*. This long ballet has a royal character: it has magnificent style with dull patches that seem to enhance the glory of the dazzling moments. It was as a whole wonderfully performed by the Sadler's Wells company, who tested by such formal choreography were solid without being stuffy, and glamorous without being vulgar. There were certain bad patches, the worst of which was in the first act, when the six fairies come to bless the infant princess. Each fairy has an individual dance which is short, difficult and not obviously effective. These numbers need more technical finesse than the company's *coryphées* have yet attained, and to cover this charm and the most delicate presentation is needed. It seemed to me that all the soloists, save Valerie Taylor, were much too coarse in their manner: one would have said they were far more nearly related to hockey captains than fairies. The *corps de ballet*, on the other hand, looked and behaved charmingly, whether they were peasants, courtiers or attendant fairies. A second unfortunate effect was the dead white spotlighting of Miss Fonteyn in the woodland scene. It took all the colour out of her appearance and all the depth out of her movement, so that where she should seem mysterious and alluring, she was flat and hard. But this was not her fault, and during the rest of the evening she danced as only a princess in a fairy story can dance. Miss Fonteyn gives the simplest movement a glowing purity that is astonishing in its beauty. As with Antonio the most complicated movements seem to evolve without effort from some inner composure; while in almost every other dancer it can be seen that the gestures are superimposed on the body and only controlled by an obvious exertion. As her partner, Michael Somes has now gained a stately habit of Princemanship which blends perfectly with Oliver Messel's splendidly baroque decor.

ANNABEL FARJEON

## AT THE OLD VIC

THE Old Vic contributed largely to our pleasures last week. They have introduced a fine *Coriolanus* into their repertoire, and on Sunday they gave the first of two rehearsed readings of Dylan Thomas's *Under Milk Wood*. Mr. Richard Burton was the hero of the first occasion. His Coriolanus strikes me as the finest performance of the role that I have yet seen. The play is not easy; the rhetoric is intricate and difficult to follow; the action in the first third almost impossible to stage convincingly; the politics are at several removes from our comparatively cosy party intrigues; and the role of Coriolanus is so equivocal that the sympathy of the audience is left hanging and divided. No doubt we commonly approach the play in the wrong spirit. Just because the name part is cast in the same mould as other of the heroic roles, we want to make a hero of the protagonist, and to treat the play as tragedy. But it isn't. The nature of Coriolanus is heroic, but not likeable, and when the actor playing him tries to win our sympathy, which I remember Mr. Anthony Quayle attempting in a fine performance at Stratford, the play goes wrong. Yet Coriolanus is a character we ought to be able to understand. His make-up is—or certainly used to be—common among our patrician professional soldiers, who were loud in praise of "the men" so long as those men were safely in the army under their orders, but who violently despised the same men as civilians and especially so when they were attempting to exercise or establish their political rights. Coriolanus is such a professional soldier with the arrogance in excess (he carries it to a logical conclusion more German than English). Mr. Burton suggests all this and does it with a tremendous bravura. One cannot help admiring—and this is just how we should regard Coriolanus—his

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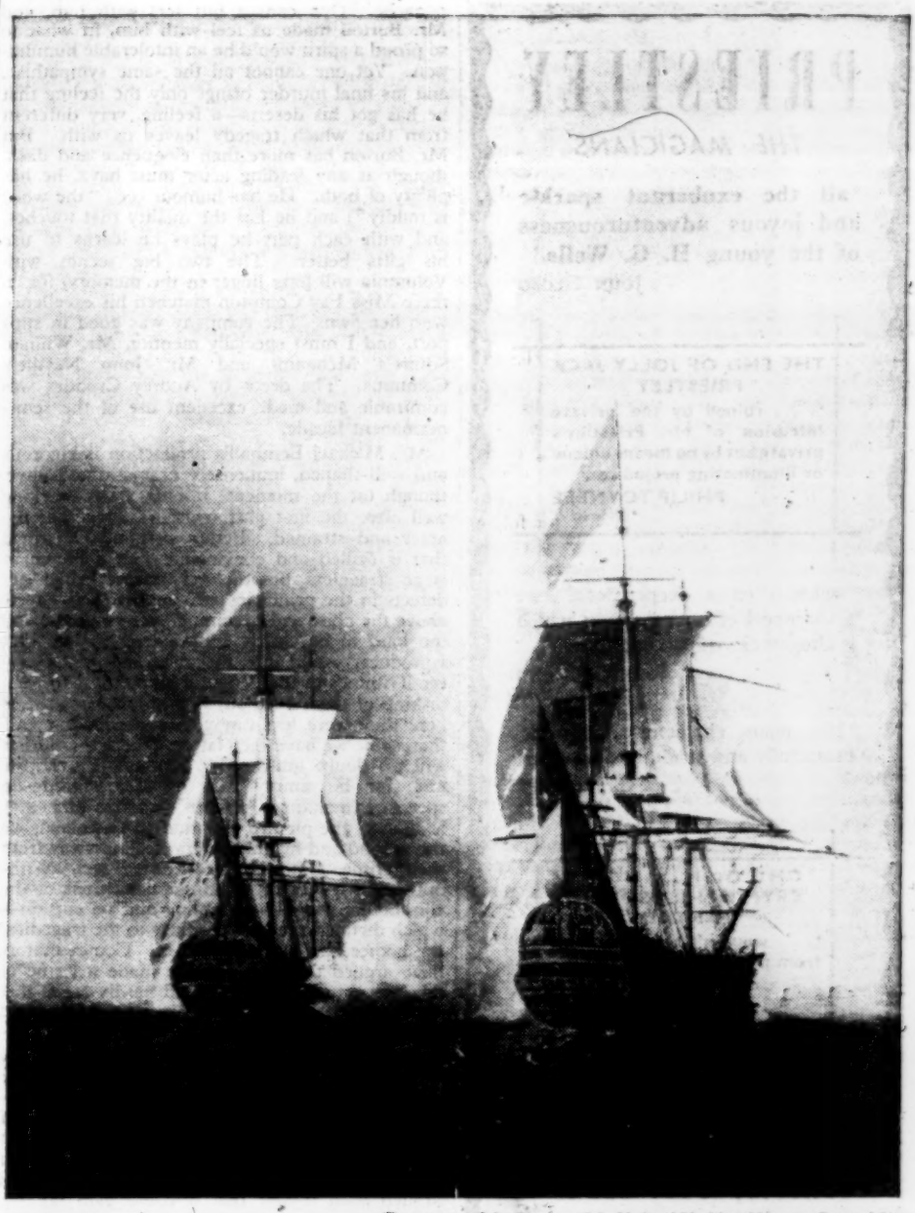

(By courtesy of the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich)

*"Engagement between Anson's 'Centurion' and the treasure ship 'Cavadonga' 20th June, 1743", by Samuel Scott*

BEFORE THE THUNDER and smoke of battle, the tensest moment of all: the ships sliding towards each other over the hissing sea, the guns run out, the crews still . . . and waiting. When someone murmurs the blasphemous grace "For what we are about to receive . . ."

Yet the men that died from round shot, from steel, were few compared to those who died from scurvy, the real scourge of the sea in those far-off days. And it was not only at sea that men died through lack of proper food, or from diseases caused by dirty food.

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panache. One cannot but feel with him, and Mr. Burton made us feel with him, in what to so proud a spirit would be an intolerable humiliation. Yet one cannot all the same sympathise, and his final murder brings only the feeling that he has got his deserts—a feeling, very different from that which tragedy leaves us with. But Mr. Burton has more than eloquence and dash, though as any leading actor must have, he has plenty of both. He has humour (i.e., "the word is mildly") and he has the quality that touches, and with each part he plays he learns to use his gifts better. The two big scenes with Volumnia will long linger in the memory, for in these Miss Fay Compton matched his excellence with her own. The company was good in support, and I must specially mention Mr. William Squire's Menenius and Mr. John Neville's Cominius. The decor by Audrey Cruddas was admirable and made excellent use of the semi-permanent façade.

Mr. Michael Benthall's production is vigorous and well-shaped, immensely dramatic and alive, though (at the moment) it only starts working well after the first part which is altogether too noisy and strained. Better, certainly, a crowd that is drilled and convincing than a bunch of stage stragglers, but this very virtue brings out defects in the principles striving for their effects above the noise and becoming over-emphatic and too loud to be clear. I have long wished that a producer would treat the crowd and particularly the Tribunes of the People with political respect, making of them a serious opposition, but at least here they were less ninnyish and pseudo-comic than some we have seen lately. Where the purists will no doubt attack Mr. Benthall is over the end; for he simply lops off the winding-up speeches (including Aufidius's change of heart), leaving us the picture of a riddled Coriolanus on the ground and his murderers stealing away from their crime. Enormously effective, too. Without doubt it was the primitive conditions of the Elizabethan stage—no lighting and no curtain—which dictated the weak endings to the tragedies; the bodies had to be got rid of. Commentators have argued that Shakespeare made a virtue of this necessity. But they would hardly argue that he did so in this case, and this, no doubt, would be Mr. Benthall's justification.

*Under Milk Wood* was a delightful occasion; this wonderfully exuberant and vivid dramatic poem has instantly established itself as a masterpiece, and in this public reading defines itself as a comic masterpiece. The only thing in doubt about it is in what medium it will make its fullest effect. Since it was written for the Radio, I had argued with myself that it could gain nothing from the rather stilted conditions of a stage reading—that forbidding circle of chairs on an empty stage to be filled by actors more nervous than usual in their day clothes and clutching each their dog-eared script. But I was quite wrong. Comedy demands to be shared and with an appreciative audience and actors who, like Mr. Emlyn Williams, know how to use that audience, the fun is doubled. What a flat, dumb, cold, medium the solitary radio is!

The season of international modern plays at Woolwich which I mentioned last week has been cancelled. But those who, like me, were particularly looking forward to Giraudoux's *The Enchanted* will be pleased to hear that the Arts Theatre are giving it its first London production on March 31.

T. C. WORSLEY


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## LOOK AND LISTEN

LAST week I said that to discuss broadcasting and television was in the last analysis to discuss power; and the other evening the B.B.C. Television Service showed us a glimpse of the power of television at its most naked, terrifying and brutalising. Mr. Aidan Crawley has been to the United States with a film camera and recording equipment and he is reporting his impressions in a series of programmes called *Americans at Home*. There was nothing in the *Radio Times* to indicate the especial significance of last week's programme: its theme was popular American reaction to Senator McCarthy and McCarthyism. It began with an excerpt from a telefilm of McCarthy at work.

One watched it reasonably "cold," at least as an outsider whose passions were not intimately engaged. It was odiously fascinating, and its very lack of drama was in a curious way intensely dramatic: a man was being casually, coldly, contemptuously crushed before one's eyes. "If you want a picture of the future," says the Inquisitor in *Nineteen Eighty-Four*, "imagine a boot stamping on a human face—for ever." That was what one was seeing. Senator McCarthy was investigating Mr. Read Harris, Deputy Director of U.S. Government Information Services. More than twenty years ago, as a university professor, Mr. Harris had published a book highly critical of the professionalism of American university sport; in it, he had also taken some un-American swipes at the institution of marriage. Now, in a dry mumble, Mr. Harris was confessing. No, he didn't agree with what he wrote in 1931; yes, he had been wrong. But he was also protesting. 1931 was more than twenty years ago; the world had changed; the Committee was being unfair. One ought to have risen to Mr. Harris: he was being brave. But—and this is the truly horrifying thing—one didn't. One didn't, I think, because he was given no chance; this wasn't a court of law; it was an investigating committee set, it was impossible not to feel, in an atmosphere of calculated meanness, the intent of which was human degradation. Mr. Harris never had a chance. There was the black-visaged Senator with his curt, scornful questions, gnawing incessantly at the corner of his mouth. And perhaps of it all, the detail that seized the attention most strongly and seemed in retrospect the most sinister was just this apparently uncontrollable nervous tic of the Senator's.

I watched, as I say, reasonably cold; after all, what I saw had taken place months ago three thousand miles away. But what if I had watched at the moment of its enactment, as an American, closely involved, in a charged atmosphere? How would I have reacted then? Impossible to know, of course; yet surely the odious fascination, the horrid compulsion to watch, would have been a hundred times as great, and in a sense thereby Senator McCarthy would have got what he wanted. For his effect, it seems to me from this very brief glimpse of him in action, is mesmeric: Mr. Harris was like nothing so much as a brave rabbit transfixed by a stoat of genius, and the end of these televised senatorial inquiries is to reduce viewers to the status of transfixed rabbits, too. It is exactly here that the true terror of television lies: it offers the demagogue a new dimension of power: Joe McCarthy bearing down on you, boring in on you at your own fireside day after day week after week.

After the introductory film of the Senator at work, we saw Mr. Crawley interviewing American citizens on McCarthyism: a New England financier, members of a Middle-West women's club, solid for Joe; and then, to end with, an argument in a private house in his own capital of Madison, Wisconsin, between a liberal journalist, a Democratic state-senator and a lady fanatical for McCarthy. Mr. Crawley concluded that McCarthyism was on the increase in the States: it was the great virtue of his programme, which

was of an engaging modesty, that it showed one great reason why it was.

Ever since Acton's dictum about power became an intellectual cliché intellectuals have tended to think of power as evil in its consequences. It is not always so, and mercifully last week we were also shown an instance of television as a power for good. This was the film *World Without End* made for Unesco by Mr. Basil Wright in Thailand and Mr. Paul Rotha in Mexico. Because it was first exhibited on television its showing is banned in commercial cinemas. The result is paradoxical: it may well be that far more people will see it in their homes than ever would have done on cinema screens. Aesthetically, no doubt, much is lost when this beautiful film is televised; and yet, set against what is gained, the loss scarcely counts, for *World Without End*, which insists without rhetoric or false emphasis that "we must love one another or die," is a film which demands and deserves the widest possible audience. Seeing it last week so soon after the McCarthy programme was a reminder that television, the most compelling of all media of communication, could be as great a force for good as for evil. The question is, How does the B.B.C. respond to the challenge implicit in it? As one watches the signs, one is poised alternately between hope and despair. At the beginning of the year Mr. Rotha himself is put in charge of Television documentary programmes. Excellent; and already several good programmes have appeared under his auspices, notably the quite admirable and splendidly acted *Return to Living*. One hopes Mr. Rotha is happy in his work, for what happens next? Mr. Cecil McGivern announces that time for documentary programmes is to be cut down and light entertainment increased by fifty per cent. Parlour games that shall last all evening long, and a different duchess on the screen every night! If this is not television in a state of funk, what is?

WILLIAM SALTER

## THE MOVIES

**"Hobson's Choice," at the Plaza**

**"The Maggie," at the Marble Arch Odeon**

**"Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef," at the Carlton**

*Hobson's Choice*—a play about Lancashire in the last century, written in this—may seem an odd choice for Mr. David Lean; but then he has ranged over Dickens, Coward, and Wells impartially, broken the sound barrier and tried to whitewash Madeleine Smith. This neat bit of theatre by Harold Brighouse belongs to the time when parents were still being discovered as ornate monsters, to be delicately made fun of, and—if the aim be sentimental comedy, as it is here—brought back at last to the fold. Hobson is an old-fashioned bootmaker, happily wed to the bottle but, like Lear, having daughters. Their plans aren't his, they knot him in a web of intrigue, from which only their marriages and his teetotalism can disentangle them.

It is all very jolly; I'm not sure whether Charles Laughton as Hobson isn't a bit jollier in his exuberant way than the piece can take. His first utterance, returning from a masonic evening, is a belch, and this he follows with a well-judged rush upstairs and into bed, in the grand manner. Superb are his risings in the morning, his progresses down the street to the "Moonrakers," his sessions there, a lunch-time when he has returned to a daughters' strike and cold tongue, one terrible night when he disappears into the pavement and wakes up next day to find himself lying in corn and served with a writ. Does he overdo it? But then it's his nature—his greed, his generosity—just as, at the other end of the scale, Mr. Coward parsimoniously gives us the old Chinaman. Personally I could never have enough of Laughton when he lets go, as he does here, and *Hobson's Choice* isn't so sacrosanct that it matters enormously whether it is wrenched out of balance.

And on the quiet side Hobson's adversaries—Maggie the unmarriageable (Brenda de Banzie) and the shy cobbler in the cellar—manage very nicely. Their courtship—or rather hers of him—achieves not only fun but charm: John Mills, indeed, with his proletarian hair, round eyes, and the perky suit that comes to displace the apron, gives a quite first-rate performance. This is a likeable and amusing film, with some good touches of local colour and only occasional embarrassment with the accents.

The other Maggie is an old puffer boat or flat-bottomed steamer going the round of the Scotch Isles and due for scrapping. Old crocks are a perennial theme of British films; we have had puffing Billies and the Brighton race, and I expect lamplighters and the last balloons are coming. Alexander Mackendrick's *The Maggie* doesn't trip so gaily as *Genevieve*, though it has the same script-writer, William Rose; and there's some friction between the well-documented background and a tickled-up tale of an American in a hurry (Paul Douglas) whose valuable shipment gets into the tight hold of the "Maggie." It is, if unevenly, amusing, sly, salty, vernacular, with a wind-up in some far-northern birthday jollities that almost recapture the junketing of *Whisky Galore*. The old boat and its strangely assorted crew of four have quite an appeal.

CinemaScope's third venture goes in for sponge-diving off Florida, and during the better parts of the film one can lose oneself in the depths where blue fish idle and that discredited bogy—the giant octopus—waits in a cave to engage, uselessly, the hero. As a matter of fact these submarine views are exceedingly pleasant, and of course far larger than life. Events up above follow an easily predictable course, except that the big fights take place on shore and on deck and not in these inviting depths.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

**Six Young Painters at the Parson's Gallery, Grosvenor Street.**

This show has been organised by four private collectors to present the paintings and drawings of six young artists in whom they believe, and to prove that buying pictures is neither as expensive nor as specialised a business as most people think. Joan Eardley who paints proletarian subjects in Glasgow is the most mature painter. Sometimes her admirable desire to be vivid makes her work over-crude, but in her figure drawings and in pictures like *Man With a Book* (perhaps the best painting in the whole exhibition and costing only 20 gns) she achieves a most painterly strength. Patrick Symons, interested in botany, is a patient but no fiddly painter. His canvas of a garden, *45 Camden Hill*, is very firmly organised. Jeffery Nuttall, a Palmerish landscape painter, is inclined to indulge in the sort of man-becoming-a-tree pathetic fallacy that I mentioned last week. His *Apple Tree*, however, is genuinely lyrical and poetic. Albert Irvin is a talented formalist with a good sense of colour, but he will run dry of new shapes unless he allows nature to impinge more directly on his vision. Alastair Flattely has a successful picture of some *Andalusian Fishermen*; some of his others lack hard organisation. Lewis Bassingthwaite is probably more naturally a designer or graphic artist than a painter, but he has considerable feeling for the geology of a landscape. I hope that the present exaggerated emphasis on the importance of the easel picture will not prevent readers visiting also the annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers at the R. W. S. Galleries. It is a rewarding show. Arthur Hackney, a fairly young artist of exceptional talent has an etching of a potteries landscape which can be bought for four guineas. Stanley Anderson, R.A., has an engraving of a *Clothes-Peg Maker* that is most satisfying in its discipline and austerity—the discipline is not merely academic for it controls excitement. Other prints by W. Hudspith, James Young, T. W. Ward, G. D. Halliday and Russel Reeve all suggest a heartening revival of the use of graphic work for deeply felt social comment. J. B.


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*The New Statesman and Nation*, March 6, 1954

# Old Chrysanthemum

J. D. BERNAL was brought up an Irish Catholic in a bitter period of Irish rebellion. After the first world war he went to Cambridge with a mathematical scholarship. An observer at that time, noting his background, idealism, Bohemian ways and appearance would have thought him a born anarchist. So in an earlier epoch he might well have become; for an anarchist is one who hates the world for not living up to his private dream of freedom and happiness. But in the Twenties the Soviet Revolution seemed to many young men and women the sure promise of this ideal world on earth. Bernal is one of the few who have never allowed awkward facts to upset this dream.

Bernal was not the man to do without a religion. His romantic temperament demanded an ideal to give sanction and purpose to the duty of investigating and changing the very imperfect world around him. At what precise point he decided to leave the Church is not recorded. But post-war Cambridge was in every way destructive of Catholicism. It did nothing to satisfy the demand for social change and nothing to keep the loyalty of a young Irishman deeply moved by the struggle of Sinn Fein, the Soviet Revolution and the universal aspiration to put an end to war. Most able young men became Socialists of some kind. Bernal was not of a temper to be satisfied with the moderation of British Labour. Only Communism satisfied his needs, since he thought it alone had the proper attitude towards Science. Bernal was an unorthodox, because anti-liberal, recruit to the line of idealists from Condorcet to H. G. Wells, whose faith was Progress through Science. At the centre of his thinking there has always been anger at the waste of Science in capitalist democracy—in contrast to the Soviet Union where Science is ordered and disciplined by State authority. His most important book, published in 1939, was called *The Social Functions of Science*—a Marxist analysis of the way in which scientific development has been turned to the advantage of the capitalist class.

As an undergraduate at Cambridge he is most readily remembered in the Union Library, loaded with a great pile of books covering an astonishing variety of subjects. In 1923 he started work on X-rays in the Davy-Faraday Laboratory under the great Sir William Bragg. Through his work, and the influence he has had on a generation of research workers, we are better able to define the atomic structure of viruses, vitamins, penicillin and other life-chemicals. Indeed in his work lies his ultimate materialism—the physical basis of life itself. Bernal became one of the world's great crystallographers, calculating the structure of molecules from the arrangement of the atoms. When he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society at the early age of 36, he had already been for many years known as the Sage. His knowledge of Science was almost encyclopaedic; he was a Natural Philosopher as scientists were supposed to be in the 18th Century and he was fantastically well informed about History, Chinese Ceramics, Persian Architecture or any other subject where experts do not expect laymen to follow them.

This emphasis on Bernal's universal knowledge might mislead. The word encyclopaedic, though inevitable, is incorrect. For the fascination of his conversation lay less in his store of often rare information than in the imaginative ingenuity with which he wove theories to explain his facts and suggested beguiling parallels between past events and today's newspaper. The intensity and colour of his discourse increased in proportion to the listener's capacity to receive and appreciate. He always talked as if he were in love, and that perhaps explains why women, even more than men, found his conversation and personality so irresistible.

From 1927 to 1937 Bernal worked in Cambridge. In tranquil periods of history such a man would probably have remained only a don, with a vague world reputation as a scientist and an intimate University reputation as an eccentric thinker and unconventional moralist. Bernal could the more easily have accepted this role in that he is naturally shy of the world, does not easily bear with fools and finds it embarrassing to ask a shopkeeper for a stud. But in the Thirties no Communist could remain in an ivory tower, however unqualified he might be by temperament or training for political life.

The triumph of Hitler, the renewed threat of war, and the politics of the Popular Front, winkled the Sage out of his laboratory. His life became divided between Science and political intrigue. He enjoyed both and appeared not to feel that he was wasting his time on the forty committees of which he was a member. He spent thousands of hours serving on organisations against Hitler, for Spain, for Intellectual Liberty and against war and Fascism. In those years the Left was caught in an inescapable dilemma. It had sworn "never again" to be drawn into war, and until Russia entered the League, Pacifists and Communists united with rank-and-file trade unionists in support of resolutions for a General Strike against war. Labour, however, was inconsistently pledged to the League of Nations and to the doctrine, now also laid down by the Soviet Union, that war could be prevented by "collective security." To be against war, however, still meant in many minds the refusal to be caught in any of the traps that might be devised to win popular support for any war. It became the particular task of the Communists—and Bernal was their special representative in this matter on Popular Front Committees—to prevent the Left movement being "anti-war" and to persuade it to support collective security. In this task Bernal

and some of his colleagues became the allies of Viscount Cecil, Noel-Baker and other obviously anti-Communist League of Nations leaders. Both parties to the alliance were completely aware of its nature; which can be said to have "used" the other is arguable. For in 1939 the German-Soviet Pact finally ended collective security and the unhappy Communists had to return, without time for preparation, to all the pacifist arguments which they had spent the past six years in denouncing.

Bernal was spared some of the acute embarrassment of his political comrades whose function was publicly to explain that it had now become right to appease Hitler. He had another job. In the two years preceding the war he had taken an active part in the Cambridge Scientists Anti-war Movement. They had set out to show by experiment and demonstration that the Chamberlain Government had done nothing effective to organise Civil Defence. In 1939 this line of criticism had the advantage of enabling them to attack the Government without appearing to aid the enemy in the way that the half-hearted Communist People's Convention clearly tended to do. He found himself on one occasion at a small tea party in Oxford fulminating against the ignorance and ineptitude of government in the matter of air-raid shelters. One of his fellow-guests was Sir John Anderson, then Home Secretary. Bernal was afterwards appointed to the Home Office as an expert in the behaviour of bombs. The story goes that Sir John Anderson, impressed by his knowledge, had declared that he would have him "even if he is as red as the flames of hell." Authentic accounts still remain of how Bernal climbed down a bomb crater, and, completely forgetful of the respect due to a Home Secretary, gave him and his Staff an improvised lecture on the local geology and the effect of different types of bomb on different types of soil.

After an intensive period of investigating "incidents" in the blitz, he became Scientific Adviser in Combined Operations. To Mountbatten, one of Bernal's main recommendations was that he lacked "a staff-college mind" and was quite unimpressed by brass-hats. On a famous occasion when Headquarters were inspected by King George VI, Mountbatten signalled that Bernal should "not (repeat 'not') cut his hair." He was known by all personnel as "Old Chrysanthemum." Bernal, in Mountbatten's entourage, was actually smuggled on to the boat that took Mr. Churchill to the Quebec Conference and was triumphantly produced, like a rabbit out of a hat, to settle disputed scientific points at a top level Staff Conference. He played an important part at the Normandy landings on D-Day. His main job was to prepare detailed maps of the landing beaches. He remembered from bathing in Normandy ten years earlier, that the beaches were muddy at low tide. He checked his impression of the proposed landing-grounds by reference to sources which were not known to Intelligence, such as the *Guide Bleu* and a medieval French manuscript. Secret parties were landed under the noses of the Germans before D-Day and samples of the soil they brought back with them confirmed Bernal's predictions. He became, too, an expert on waves, carrying out original research which, strangely enough in a maritime nation, had hitherto been neglected. He was also sponsor of the original, and indeed the highly eccentric inventions of Geoffrey Pyke, including Habakkuk, the great iceberg which was to be constructed as an aircraft carrier in the Arctic and manœuvred to the coast of France.

When he emerged from secrecy, Bernal returned to Birkbeck, where he is now Professor of Physics and where, such is the irony inescapable for a Communist scientist in a capitalist world, he undertakes jobs of technical research for the D.S.I.R., British Electricity Authority and the National Coal Board, comforting himself meanwhile by the thought that in this way technical advance is assured even though its full application for social welfare may have to wait for the Communist Revolution.

In 1946 Bernal was elected to the Council of the British Association. But in 1949, when it was proposed to re-elect him, he was absent in Moscow. While the B.A. was in session, the news agencies reported a public speech in Moscow in which he was quoted as saying: "In capitalist countries the direction of Science is in the hands of those who hate peace, whose only aim is to despoil and torture people, so that their own profits can be assured for some years longer." His colleagues were furious. But the demand for his expulsion from the Council fell through, if only because his period of appointment had expired. Action was deferred until a full account of his speech was received. But Bernal did not retract his phrases; he merely explained that he was not attacking his scientific colleagues but the men who pulled the strings behind them. He was not re-elected.

Since then the Sage's relations with Russia have been increasingly close. He has been awarded the Stalin Peace Prize and is on record as having made the surprising statement at the Lenin Celebrations in January, 1953, that Lenin was among the greatest scientists of his time. He is himself a star performer at Communist World Peace Conferences and his usual good temper becomes ruffled when it is suggested that the Soviet Union may have a share of responsibility for the war danger in the world or that Lysenko may not be a wholly disinterested scientist. If it is said that, unlike Professor Haldane, he puts loyalty to the Soviet Union above loyalty to Science in this matter, his answer is that no such conflict has ever occurred to him!

To most of us this seems sheer casuistry. He seems content that scientific progress is rapid in the Soviet Union, and that gigantic feats of construction have been accomplished. The human price which has been paid for this development—so quickly noticed in the capitalist world—he somehow ignores. He appears uninfluenced by such questions as whether millions of people really live and die miserably in Siberian labour camps. If such things happen in the Soviet Union they are part of the necessary historical process. If he is bothered by the preposterous and cruel nonsense of the purges, whereby the children of the Revolution periodically devour each other, he maintains an obedient silence. How, we ask, can a scientist maintain silence when colleagues whom he has admired are publicly disgraced or executed on palpably false evidence? Some might imagine that this discretion, which seems to us disloyalty to the human race, is due to a desire not to offend his friends in Moscow. This would be as untrue as to say that a Jesuit priest does not criticise the Pope because he seeks promotion. He cannot allow himself to admit faults in Moscow; that would set at war within himself the romantic and scientific sides of his nature which are integrated in his Communism. The image of the ideal is fixed. The answer to every doubt is ready and known. Faith is the greatest virtue, provided it is faith in the cosmic truth, authoritatively given but gladly accepted. It is this religious attitude towards Moscow that has driven from the Communist Party so many scientists and intellectuals who share Bernal's hopes of Progress through Science, but know that they must denounce cruelty and tyranny wherever they are found

# Correspondence

## GERMAN REARMAMENT

SIR,—In the developing discussion within the Labour Movement on the problem of German rearmament, it is essential, I think, that we should arrive at a sober assessment of what actually happened at the Margate Conference.

At the Margate Conference, I represented one of the Sheffield Divisional Labour Parties, which had a resolution against German rearmament on the agenda. On Saturday afternoon in the compositing committee dealing with International Policy, we were presented with copies of the N.E.C. resolution. All the delegates with resolutions on German rearmament on the Conference agenda got together and carefully went through the National Executive Committee's resolution. I then took the initiative in persuading the other delegates in the compositing committee to withdraw our resolutions, and to forgo our right to table a composite resolution, in favour of the N.E.C. Foreign Policy statement. We did this because we wanted to see the united support of the movement behind the section of the N.E.C. resolution dealing with German rearmament.

When Mr. Morgan Phillips replied to the debate, on behalf of the National Executive, he answered those who feared that, after one further conference had been held, and had failed to produce agreement on Germany and Austria, we would be automatically committed to German rearmament. These are his words on our attitude to a Four-Power Conference.

> . . We are convinced that the continued division of Germany is a continual incitement to aggressive nationalism. In a divided Germany there may lie the seeds of a third world war. That is why, in our approach, we attach first importance to the reunification of Germany. Will the Russians concede free election in the Eastern Zone and get rid of their puppet government?

We cannot be certain, but we have to make every effort ourselves in order to try and persuade them. If we fail in this, the responsibility for perpetuating


*J. D. Bernal*

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the division of Germany will lie unmistakably at the door of Moscow. Clearly the Russians will not release their hold on East Germany without some return. What can we offer?

We cannot barter German freedom without betraying our Socialist principles, *but we can and should offer to halt the creation of the European Defence Community containing German armed forces until we have an opportunity of considering the question of unification.* We can make this offer not only because we want to avoid German rearmament if it is at all possible, but also because *if Germany is reunited the European Defence Community will no longer be relevant.* We propose that the German problem shall be tackled in two stages, and it is the only way in which reunification can in fact be brought about. The first step would be the reunification of Germany and the creation of a single German government by free elections. A united Germany would remain under Four-Power occupation, pending the conclusion of a German Peace Treaty. *During this time—and we cannot tell how long that would be—West Germany would remain demilitarised* and correspondingly the para-military formations in Eastern Germany would be disbanded.

Here, I submit, we have the reason for the failure of the Berlin Conference. The Western Powers never acted upon the advice given in the preceding paragraph by Mr. Morgan Phillips in the name of the Labour Party. We never did offer to halt E.D.C. and the creation of German divisions pending the peaceful reunification of Germany. Labour's policy, as accepted at Margate, has not been implemented. It is, therefore, in definite opposition to the will of the Movement to hurry the Party into the acceptance of German rearmament, upon the basis of such a clear misinterpretation of what happened at Margate.

J. MENDELSON

383 Fulwood Road, Sheffield.

## THE AUSTRIAN TREATY

SIR,—I hope that to the short list of "people who are really distressed" by the result of the Berlin Conference which you give in your leading article "After the Deadlock Cordiale" on February 20, you will allow me to add at least the Hungarians and the Rumanians. For the only hope these two peoples have of seeing the Russian troops leaving their countries lies in the signature of the Austrian State Treaty. By article 20 of the Hungarian Peace Treaty and by article 21 of the Rumanian, the U.S.S.R. retained the right to keep on the territory of these two countries the armed forces necessary to maintain the Red Army's lines of communication with the Soviet Zone of Occupation in Austria.

Thus the termination of the Soviet occupation of Austria is a necessary preliminary condition to the withdrawal of Russian troops from Hungary and Rumania. I can assure you that only the firm belief that agreement on the Austrian State Treaty would soon follow induced the non-Communist Left—and even certain Communists—to accept the intolerable burdens placed on their countries by these "Peace" treaties.

As to the chances of concluding the Austrian State Treaty it should not be forgotten that there are not only military considerations involved in Russia's attitude. Once her troops have evacuated Austria, Hungary and Rumania there is the risk of schisms on the lines of Tito's. And in the Hungarian and even more in the Rumanian case, such an evacuation is bound to bring about a considerable economic loss for Russia, the extent and importance of which only the Russian Government is in a position to measure with any degree of exactitude. It would, indeed, be astonishing if the Russians had any illusions on this issue and were ready to take such a risk even for the sake of peace.

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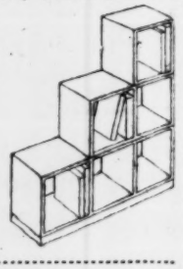

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## ATOMIC MORAL

SIR,—A recent course of six University Extension Lectures on "Atomic Energy" held in the Senate House, London University, was concluded by two papers on "Atomic Energy and Moral Issues," given by Sir George P. Thomson and myself, under the chairmanship of Professor A. V. Hill.

I was interested next morning to compare the press reports of this meeting. *The Times* (which had omitted Sir George Thomson's name from its announcement on the previous day) reported only Sir George's remarks, and only those portions of them which might be regarded as supporting the Government view. The *Manchester Guardian* published a very fair précis of both papers. The *News Chronicle*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Mail*, *Daily Express*, *Daily Worker* ignored both.

This would be merely amusing if it does not reflect a real trend in public opinion. There is, in fact, a danger that the public conscience, which again and again has shown its uneasiness on the question of the manufacture and use of atomic weapons, is becoming so used to being ignored that it ceases to find expression. Perhaps it is even ceasing to prick. That would be a disaster.

KATHLEEN LONSDALE

## "ANY QUESTIONS"

SIR,—I am dismayed by letters which you have published on this topic. The great point and interest of this programme have always been in the topical questions and the personalities of the panel. The questions appear not to be too closely vetted and the experts not too closely muzzled. That is something to be grateful for on the air. Does it really matter who is on the panel so long as they have something interesting to say or nothing to say, but they say it in an interesting manner? A. G. Street is annoying, not because he is a Tory but because he is predictable and boring: Hailsham is fun because he explodes so well: Gaitskell is tedious, not because he is Socialist, but because his answers are pedestrian: Arlott is good because he sounds sincere. What are needed in a programme such as this are personalities, not party lines. Does anyone at Transport House, Abbey House, King Street or Great Turnstile really think that the next election is being won or lost at Freddy Grisewood's West of England evening parties? Can there not be some sense of proportion even in political circles?

Glovet, Tyrella, Co. Down. KENNETH DARWIN

## OPIUM FOR THE MIDDLE CLASS

SIR,—Your Paris Correspondent writes—"The Abbé (Groues-Pierre) who scarcely knew what was happening, was deluged with cast-off clothing and cheques. . . ." I cannot but think that your correspondent has taken an entirely superficial view of public reaction to the work of the Abbé Pierre.

Those of us who have visited his establishment at Neuilly-Plaisance, have studied his methods in dealing with "les malheureux" and his construction of houses of efficient if simple design from scrap materials, know that this is no sudden effort boosted by an emotional upsurge of conscience by the middle classes. To give only one example, the Abbé over a year ago organised the methodical collection over a large area of "chiffoniers," and the bulk sale of this material contributed largely to his practical method of rectifying the welfare omissions by the French Government. The middle classes have of course contributed, but to imply that the Abbé Pierre is a sincere but bewildered person caught up in an emotional orgy, to use your correspondent's phrase, is so far out as to be ridiculous. It would be more true to say that his character and activities show signs of being in the Zola tradition, a tradition made almost inevitable from the repetitive point of view because of the rigidity born of the Napoleonic Code factor which still exists in the French Constitution.

House of Commons, London, S.W.1 JULIAN SNOW

## WORKER-PRIESTS

SIR,—The worker-priest experiment, now agitating France, is only the latest of a long series of such movements among the French clergy. In 1907 the Abbé Houtin brought out a book (which was promptly put on the *Index*) *La Crise du Clergé*, in which he enumerates various attempts of the younger and more enthusiastic priests to go down among the poorer classes and share their privations and, what was more, to agitate for some sort of political and social reform. They thought that the encyclical *Rerum Novarum* (1891) lent support to their action; but, like Lacordaire and Lamennais, some 50 years previously, they soon found out their mistake. Such aspirations were altogether too Leftish for the Vatican, and the movement was crushed.

It was only a minority of enthusiasts who were affected by the condemnation; for, as Houtin says: "Le commun du Clergé croyait qu'après avoir prêché toutes les vertus chrétiennes, il n'avait pas à se mêler d'aucune des nouveautés que prônaient des agités." Cardinal Manning about the same time discovered the same apathy among the bulk of his co-religionists: "There are endless works for the protection of shop assistants, overworked railway and tram men, women and children ground down by sweaters, and driven by starvation wages upon the streets. Not one of the works in their behalf was started by us (Catholics). Surely we are in the Sacristy." (Purcell, vol. ii, pp. 790–96.)

It would be absurd to say that the Catholics in France, clergy or laity, are indifferent to the wretched conditions of the poor; the lavishly generous response to the Abbé Pierre's recent appeal—not to mention heroic characters in the past, such as St. Vincent de Paul—would make nonsense of that. But this worker-priest movement is already doomed; for, if it is to be effective and not to peter out in spasmodic "charity," it is bound to involve some sort of Socialism; and Socialism, which seeks not merely to alleviate but to eradicate poverty and to emancipate the poor, must always be anathema to a totalitarian church.

21 East Avenue, Bournemouth. HAROLD BINNS

## HENRY MOORE

SIR,—Mr. John Berger is entitled to miss the point if he likes: he is entitled to be facetious about a great artist if it amuses him: he is even entitled to invalidate his own criticism by allowing political bias increasingly to direct and dominate it. And THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION is entitled to ally itself to the stupid end of the Tory press in running down our

most important sculptor. But why limit the campaign for social realism to the art critic's column? Why is THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION not willing to subject novels, films, concertos, ballets, the drama to the same tests as your art critic imposes week by week on painters and sculptors?

In conclusion may I state my own attitude to Moore in seven words? *He is the Picasso of modern sculpture.*

PATRICK HERON

53 Addison Avenue, W.11.

SIR,—It is hard to take the art criticism of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION seriously since it has pursued the dogmatic and irrelevant paths of the political Left wing. But Mr. Berger's column of contradictory sophistry masquerading as art criticism and purporting to review the exhibition of bronzes by Henry Moore requires some comment. Mr. Berger is so intent upon grinding his axe and wagging a heavy forefinger at serious artists who do not fall into line with his narrow views that his gaze has become corrupted and he cannot look at any work of art straight in the eye, so to speak. Everything is a peg on which to hang his theories. But Henry Moore is the greatest artist that England has produced in this century; he has striven all his life to create fine works of art; his best work has nobility, and contains implications of tragedy and compassion which reveal the heart and mind and imagination of a true humanist. During the past year, with a background of illness, he has worked for this exhibition, attended to commissions, exhibited work at Sao Paulo—for which he was awarded a prize—and done his duty as an artist and a good citizen by working on various boards of administration in this country. His present exhibition is not the best one of his career to date; but it contains some superb sculpture and marks a further stage in his development. The vastness of his accomplishment and the fact that his work has an honoured position throughout the civilised world—though not, possibly, in Russia—makes nonsense of your critic's attack.

I should add that the present "sentimental, highbrow fashion" among a neurotic, pseudo-intellectual minority for what they think is "social realism" is an exact equivalent to the antics of some society ladies in the early Twenties who went around for a time in the company of ships' stokers or coal miners in the belief that they were doing social work. Having lived among East Enders for the past year, I know that gloomy and reactionary "social realism" pictures, or sculptures, usually only appeal to a highly sophisticated, well-off public with a confused social conscience: they bore and embarrass the workers of this part of London who intuitively recognise great art when they see it—and have enjoyed and admired a large Henry Moore carving which has been on exhibition in this Gallery during the past year.

BRYAN ROBERTSON,
Whitechapel Art Gallery, E.1. *Director.*

## LOST HORIZONS, BRIEF ENCOUNTERS

SIR,—Your article on Mr. Stephen Spender administers a rebuke for his philosophical instability while at the same time expressing admiration, equally merited, surely, for his poetic achievement. I believe this to be entirely just, but I think we should remember that much the same could be said of many writers, all of whom have elegantly adorned the movements of our time and have been equally absurd in their antics. Only recently Cyril Connolly aptly remarked of Sir Herbert Read that he had been in at the beginning of so many *avant-garde* movements, smiling benignly at the christening, yet was always absent from the funeral when this occurred.

The dualism of our culture is such that it would be easy to maintain that on the one hand we have the scientific and on the other the humanistic traditions: yet this is by no means the true situation. The contrast I wish to make is between what may be called thought and scholarship on the one hand and what is supposed to be the field of "letters" on the other. More accurately it is the contrast between those studies which call for our thought to be turned *outwards* on the world, even at times *outwards* upon our own experience, and those in which we look *inwards* to contemplate the world within a world. That we need writers to bridge this gap is obvious. Amid the extreme specialisation of our age we must value any sincere account of a noteworthy intellectual pilgrimage provided it be sincere enough and the pilgrimage sufficiently noteworthy. Pretentiousness comes in only when we are told authoritatively, as Mr. T. S. Eliot tells us, what we must do to be saved. For not every poet deserves respect as a thinker. Neglect of discipline and of "stubborn and irreducible facts" commonly makes it impossible. But beyond this there is an egoism which is so unfeeling when considered in relation to what is known, a complacency which offends so deeply when we reflect on the vast and extraordinary universe in which we find ourselves, that one turns from these writings with impatience.

The fact is, too many writers ask us to concede to them what we can concede only to the great—to a Spinoza, or a Descartes, or a Wittgenstein: an utter absorption in what they thought and how they came to think it. Failure on this scale is failure indeed. The jets of feeling and sentiment ascend into the air like steam from a geyser and we are not impressed. The smaller men sally forth in an infinite and descending series from Matthew Arnold and we reject their sweetness and light. It is all very sad.

A. E. BELL

## HOMAGE TO HOLMES

SIR,—I haven't the slightest idea what Mr. Bengis is talking about, or who the Musgrave Ritualists may be, but I am surprised that he didn't point out the significance of his own address:

658, West 188 Street,
New York 33., N.Y.

Once more "discarding the irrelevant 64" as many times as possible, thus:

| 658 West 188 Street, New York 33 | | |
|---|---|---|
| 64 | 64 | |
| 18 | 124 | 33 |
| | 64 | |
| 18 | +60 | +33 |

and adding horizontally, we get −111!

The evidence seems irrefutable!

95 Westwood Park, IAN C. GILCHRIST
S.E.23.

## UNSOLICITED GOODS

SIR,—I read with interest Mr. Fenton Bresler's letter on this topic.

Mr. Bresler says that Critic's friend is in law an involuntary bailee and he also says that it is uncertain whether the unwilling holder of goods is under any obligation to take care of them.

According to Halsbury's *Laws of England* (3rd Edition) volume 2, page 98, the person to whom the goods are sent is under no liability to the sender for safe custody or protection. He must not, however, assume even slight control over the goods or he may become liable to take reasonable care of them. Consequently, he must not use the goods or otherwise convert them to his own use.

213 Piccadilly, MAX BITEL
London, W.1.

## THE "MAD" HATTER

SIR,—I note that in Mr. Pritchett's review of Lewis Carroll's Diaries, he refers to the "Mad Hatter." I wonder how many people who consider themselves thoroughly well acquainted with *Alice in Wonderland* are aware that in the chapter entitled *A Mad Tea-Party*, the phrase "Mad Hatter" never once appears? Lewis Carroll consistently calls him "the Hatter." This curiously persistent misquotation is on all fours with the "Elementary, my dear Watson," which someone not long ago discovered to be a phrase Sherlock Holmes never used. I write this for the benefit of that dwindling band of writers who always like to verify their quotations, and not with any expectation of seeing the misquoted phrases corrected.

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# Books in General

THOMAS CROMWELL has not had a good press in history. Catholics and Protestants have ganged up against him. The support of Froude has hardly recommended him. His own biographer has been his most open enemy. He has been accused of establishing a police-state based on a network of spies; of destroying ancient institutions merely for the sake of the spoil; of ruling the King by subservience and Parliament by "packed elections, fraud and violence." The evidence? The misquoted spite of a bewildered foreigner; a long-exploded academic tirade by an embittered *émigré*; and a snowball of repetition.

Politicians should be judged by their work, not by the caricatures of their enemies; and if we examine Thomas Cromwell's work, what an astonishing, and, above all, what a durable achievement we find! No man has examined his administration more closely than Mr. G. R. Elton, but even his detailed study, a fine piece of pioneering history*, only shows one side—the bureaucratic centre—of that massive revolution which, incredibly, was achieved in only seven years. For Thomas Cromwell was a freak in English history, and that, perhaps, is why he has been so disliked: an iron-fisted bureaucrat who crammed into his brief reign the kind of process which in England, we like to maintain, is carried out insensibly, over centuries. He overhauled the machinery of government as it had never been overhauled since the reign of Henry II; and he overhauled it so drastically that much of it was not radically altered till the reign of Victoria. In six hundred years of history he stands out as the most radical of modernisers. Modern history, if it begins anywhere, begins, in England, with him.

Not, of course, only with him. The sixteenth century was an age of modernisation and every Renaissance prince surrounded himself with up-to-date administrators, canonists and civilians, bishops and lawyers, to help him. It was the age of the *letrados*, the *gens de la robe*, the "officers" who had not yet grown, as they would grow in the top-heavy courts of the next century, into privileged sinecurists. They were working officers; and everywhere their work was similar. Whether clergy or laity, Catholic or Reformers, they were working in the same direction: national churches, centralised states, more closely controlled patronage, and, to man and sustain this new machinery, better education and higher revenue. But among all those who thus served their sovereigns, Thomas Cromwell stands, in one respect, alone. Others might lubricate and modify the machine; they might even change it—for their lifetime; but he not only changed it, he so institutionalised his changes that they outlasted his brief reign, outlasted his fall, outlasted it, in politics, for a hundred years, in administration for three centuries.

From his master Cardinal Wolsey whom, according to the Black Legend, he betrayed, but whom in fact he served and helped until death, Cromwell inherited a medieval administrative system, first nursed, then galvanised into life by the careful husbandry of Henry VII, the immense human energy of the Cardinal. Wolsey might send out commissions, might cram the Court of Chancery with business, might "teach the law of the Star Chamber"; but behind the temporary power and *panache* of his career, the institutions had remained the same. Cromwell changed them. His methods were simple, of a classic, universal simplicity: first statistics, as the basis of change; then statutes, as the sanction of change; finally, to make change permanent, new institutions, new courts. How did he dissolve the monasteries—not, as his biographer says, "undoubtedly to fill the royal Treasury with the spoils of the Church" but, like so many other statesmen of the time, in order to strengthen the working part of the Church, to found new bishoprics, new schools? First, he carried out his great statistical survey, the *Valor Ecclesiasticus*: the first systematic valuation of the Church since 1200, and still, in 1836, when it was published for the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the most up to date. Then he proceeded to legislate; finally a new Court, the Court of Augmentations, was set up to handle the endowments thus nationalised. Every power taken from Rome was thus institutionalised in England, and everywhere the traces of the change, even when it was left imperfect by Cromwell's fall, linger on until the next great decade of overhaul: the Whig decade of the 1830s. It was not till 1832 that Cromwell's Court of Delegates was superseded as supreme ecclesiastical court by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. It was only in 1836 that Cromwell's legislation reducing the palatine powers of the Bishop of Durham was completed. Of the eighteen new bishoprics planned by Cromwell only six were in fact founded: but they were the first new bishoprics to be founded since Henry II, the last before Victoria.

We look back upon the work of Cromwell through religious spectacles—for the event obscures the aim. But Cromwell and the Catholic bishops who helped him saw it quite otherwise. To them the reform of the Church was only a part of the Reform of the State. The power of the Pope was merely another exempt jurisdiction to be rationalised along with other such private empires: were not the Bishop of Durham, the Marcher Lords of Wales, the magnates of the West, similarly finding part of their powers transferred, by statute, to new or re-modelled "conciliar" courts, limbs of the Privy Council, in York, Ludlow and Exeter? If the new ecclesiastical revenue reached the King through the new Courts of Augmentations and—afterwards—of First Fruits, so would the old feudal revenues reach him, more fully, through the new Court of Wards. And always, at the back of these changes, we can see at work the mind not only of the Reformer who had read the works of Erasmus, and the politician who had read the works of Machiavelli, but also of the statistician and merchant who had learnt accountancy in Italy and traded spermaceti to Flanders, the economist who reorganised the extravagant royal household, the lawyer who had handled the debts and petitions of private clients, and who was now, in the intervals of managing the first Long Parliament and carrying through the first Reformation, centralising and registering the private money-lending of the country (the register lasted till 1775), setting up overseers of the poor (the nucleus of his Poor Law, embedded in the Elizabethan Act, lasted till 1834), and founding, as a statistical preliminary to the reconstitution of local government, those parish registers which are still kept up today.

Political careers under Henry VIII were sometimes brief. In seven years Cromwell did all this and more; then suddenly, as an incident of foreign policy, Henry VIII sacrificed, as he afterwards ruefully complained, "the best servant he ever had." In the years of conservative reaction after his fall, when the royal lethargy was interrupted only by spasms of personal government (years of relief, says his biographer, from "the temporary madness and terror inspired by his personality"), Cromwell's work appeared to founder, or at least to stand still. A few disciples might here and there place a coping stone upon the unfinished building, but meanwhile the ground itself on which Cromwell had built was being undermined: the nationalised endowments were being squandered, the finances of the Crown had been built up only to run away, and amid faction in Court and Church, and mutiny in the country, all firm government seemed for a time to have dissolved. Nevertheless, Thomas Cromwell's work was solid enough to survive even those years of crisis, and in the reign of Elizabeth, when political careers were long, it was resumed. In 1572 Cromwell's most constant ally, Sir William Paulet, at last died. He had survived all the changes of the century and died in office, a marquis, and ninety years old; for he was sprung, as he genially observed, not from the oak but the willow; and dying, he handed over the white staff of the Lord Treasurer to his own greatest disciple, the third in the apostolic succession of Tudor bureaucrats, William Cecil. Thus the great work of Tudor government had survived its greatest crisis and could be continued, on the same foundation still, in the hands of the two Cecils, father and son, for another forty years.

For what was the essence of Tudor government? It was government by the Privy Council, that close, compact body of well-chosen officials who, without force but by perpetual vigilance and through a new machinery of legal centralisation, supervised the whole country and the working of it and gave to England internal peace while her neighbours were rent by civil war. And who was the architect of this Privy Council? Not Henry VII, that cautious steward with his medieval "household" rule; not Wolsey, that princely personal despot. It was Thomas Cromwell who, in 1534, made a note "to remember the King for the establishment of the Council," and who, by 1536, had in effect created it. Moreover, like all great bureaucrats, it was not through great office that Cromwell directed this institution which he had created: it was by "unique administrative ability"; and—although he held other and more glorious

* *The Tudor Revolution in Government.* By G. R. ELTON. *Cambridge.* 42s.

offices—it was as Secretary that he wielded his greatest power. When Cromwell took over his office the Secretary was "still merely a cog in the machine, an upper civil servant, not a minister of state." When he left it, it had become "the linchpin of the administration." By the end of the century, when the post had been held by the two Cecils and Walsingham, it could be described in even more rhetorical language. "You shall address yourself," King James of Scotland instructed his ambassador, "especially to Mr. Secretary, who is king there in effect." Tudor England, like Vasa Sweden, had its "rule of the secretaries"; and this, too, was founded by Thomas Cromwell.

Twelve years later "Mr. Secretary," now first Earl of Salisbury, was dead; and in that year Cromwell's political system, already rotted from within, crumbled at the heart. How could it be otherwise when a system requiring constant vigilance by efficient, conscientious officials, had been handed over to the gilded spivs of our Scottish kings? The citadel had been converted into a playhouse, and when the attack came, within a generation, the archaic ecclesiastical battlements, desperately built on by Archbishop Laud, were powerless to save it. The Council and its Prerogative Courts, the State Church and the feudal taxes—all that was left of Cromwell's political work foundered in that great rebellion. So did his credit. He was the founder of "Tudor despotism," and the Whigs, unwilling to defend him, jettisoned his body to the papists, hungry for posthumous revenge upon the Hammer of the Monks. In the 1830s they probably did not even know that it was his more durable administrative work whose now obsolete relics they were at last sweeping away. But now that the Whig era is over and bureaucrats, with their virtues and their faults, have become more obvious, we may perhaps allow a little belated praise to the first and greatest, if the most formidable, of our modern bureaucrats: Thomas Cromwell.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

## CROSSING OVER

Where dream is act and act is dream,
How shall the dreamers ever find,
Whirled onward by that jostling host,
In shoals of one another's mind,
Their own and undivided ghost?
No wonder to this actual shore
They cross from their unbridled dark,
Because its rocky margins bless
Loose passions with a fixed mark
On which to measure their distress.

Here, in cold numerals, great Kings,
Bereft of their imperial sway,
Progress like needles in one groove
The whirling discs of night and day.
And from their kingdoms thrust apart,
Unravel as those circles move
A sullen music of the heart.

Such notes, in circumstance, make plain
The fevers of distempered ghost
Within cool labyrinths of brain,
A single nature that is lost.
Because an upright fact can prove
The discord of each petulant cry,
How self-begotten is our love
And clouded the beholding eye,
To find in mathematic law
Loose passions have a single mark
No wonder to this actual shore
We cross from our unbridled dark.

THOMAS BLACKBURN

## NIGHTMARE

**My Life in the Bush of Ghosts.** By AMOS TUTUOLA. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In *The Palm Wine Drinkard*, published last year, a modern West African imagination was working with a lazy freedom in the English language. A soft, amazed voice led us easily out of real life into a fantasy life as barbarous, bloody and frightening as the masks of the tribal ceremonies. Now, in a second "novel" we can know more about this extraordinary writer. He is a Nigerian from Abeokuta, born in 1920 of Christian parents. He was educated by the Salvation Army and at high school, became a coppersmith and is now a civil servant in Lagos. The Rev. Geoffrey Parrinder, who writes a good introduction to the new book, points out one advantage which Tutuola has had from a brief education: he has not fallen into that stilted English which so many educated African writers use, but has worked out a loose, talking prose, close to "pidgin." (I have found only one piece of literary dead wood in the whole tale—"Without more ado I took to my heels"). Strange verbs like "transparented" are used; mission hall adjectives like "sceptical" for "pagan." One cannot tell whether works like Tutuola's are freaks that mark a linguistic crisis or rebirth in a culture, or whether they are the forerunners of a powerful outburst of oral literature. In many English-speaking countries where masses of unlettered people are now receiving education, it looks as though the exceptional imaginations will (from the examination point of view) be driven underground into "bad" English.

This new book is an Odyssey and though, after a few pages, it runs into nightmare, there is a true course and meaning to it. The last line is "This is what hatred did." The hatred began in the jealousies of the polygamous life: the narrator is, at first, a boy of seven, the son of his father's third wife. The other two wives have only daughters and, fearing that the boy will inherit, they try to poison him. Then a tribal war breaks out and they purposely leave him, hoping he will be killed. He runs off to the bush and there he is captured by ghosts. Millions of these "deads," often no more than fragments of bodies and generally repugnant, inhabit the bush and for 27 years he wanders among them—tortured, punished and abused. All the time his main quest is for his home and his mother. At the end of the tale, he achieves his aim, partly by the aid of a television ghostess who shows him a picture of his home and family in the sores on the palm of her hand. (Tutuola has never seen television; odd that he has imagined the nasty, crumbling, decaying texture of the television pictures.) In a violent, bizarre but quite simple talking manner, Tutuola is describing universal experience in a way that will be deeply interesting to psycho-analysts and anthropologists, but he ought not to be read for scientific reasons: he has the immediate intuition of a creative artist working by spell and incantation.

The important thing in Tutuola is his power to set down the collusion of dream and person. The startled critic will find moments of *Alice in Wonderland*, Bunyan and the Bible, in the story-telling and a groping, Christian jubilation. His ghosts are apocalyptical yet local. He is carried off by a "smelling ghost" to be eaten alive by him. Obscene as a cess-pit, crawling with insects and snakes, smeared with urine and rank blood, this thing carries the child off and turns him into a horse. The story goes from one repulsive terror to another, from city after city of the dead, where river ghosts, insect ghosts, burglar ghosts, the ghosts of the Nameless town and the Hopeless town conspire to punish him or to eat him. In each episode the narrator is enslaved and beaten, in one buried alive, in another half roasted on a fire, in others crushed or bitten by snakes. There are one or two sardonic moments and there is a little happiness when he lives with the monstrous "flash-eyed mother," whose eyes light up town and jungle, or when he marries a ghost called the "super lady"; but in genera the pilgrimage is emotional—through guilt, terror and despair. The mother figure is a monstrous imaginary idol. Her body occupies a whole town which is six miles round and is as "clean as a football field", and she is fed by the ghosts of babies. Millions of babies' heads with eyes like fireflies appear on her body and if the heads talk "their voices would be sounding as if somebody strikes an iron or the church bell . . , if all of them are talking together at a time, it would be as a big market's noises, they were arguing, flogging and reporting themselves to their mother."

This would be intolerable because preposterous reading but for two things: the dramatic idea of compulsion in an animistic culture. The boy cannot move, for example, "because the bush wanted me to be in one place"; at another point he is betrayed in his flight by "the talking land," which speaks as he runs over it and so exposes him to his enemies. These inventions are poetic and alarming. The barbarous fantasy is not free, but is ruled by the dreadful conspiracy of primitive belief and sensibility. The other strength of the story is simply its seriousness. The marvellous is domesticated. The tale of the Spider's Web Bush, for example, describes how a ghost captures him and believes he is his dead father who has never had proper burial. He is bound in web and buried alive. But a grave-robber digs him up in order to eat the spiders which were hidden in the coffin to give the dead something to eat on the way to heaven. Other ghosts want to join the feast and to eat him as well. A fire is lit, but the web is wet and he does not burn. But soon, while the ghosts are quarrelling, he resourcefully lies on the red hot fire, gradually dries the web and so bursts it open and escapes. That night he finds a soft warm safe place—a house he thinks it is—and wakes up to find he is sleeping in the pouch of an animal.

Fear of the jungle, fear of the dead, fear of being eaten, despair in suffering and disgust, are the main emotions of the book, but occasionally there is a slightly comic note and a suggestion of symbolism or allegory. Hopeless-land seems to come from Bunyan. Here people do not talk; indeed it is a crime to do so, but simply communicate by shrugs of the shoulders. The narrator cries out "Oh!" when his foot is trodden on, and he is at once hauled up before the King:

> Then he was asking me these questions with a shrug of his shoulders, as follows—"Who are you?" But as I did not understand what he was asking me with the shrug of his shoulders, so to set myself free I began to reply as well with a shrug of my shoulders as he was doing, which means to him "You are a bastard king." And again, on the same spot that I stood before him I mistakenly raised up and down the lids of my eyes which means "You are a fool" and this is contrary to the law of the town.

And there is the Loss-or-Gain river crossing—so called because the traveller leaves his clothes on the bank and, swimming naked over, picks up the clothes left by travellers in the opposite direction. Here the narrator and his wife, the super-lady, lost, for they found only baby clothes waiting for them.

Tutuola's fancy is endless; yet it is controlled by the tribal folk-lore. It discernibly expresses the unconscious of a race and even moments of the nightmare element in our own unconscious. The slimy or electric movements of nightmare, its sickening logic, its hypnotising visual quality, its dreadful meaningfulness, are put down by an earnest and ingenious story-teller. One feels one has been taken back thousands of years to the first terrors of human nature. A book like this disposes at once of the illusions, so useful to settlers, that "the African is a child." Tutuola's voice is like the beginning of man on earth, man emerging, wounded and growing. He is not the specimen of the folk-lorist and anthropologist, but a man living out a recognisable human and moral ordeal.

V. S. PRITCHETT

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## HIGH AND LOW POLITICS

**The Origins of the Labour Party.** By HENRY PELLING. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

**Mr. Balfour's Poodle.** By ROY JENKINS. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Folk-lore already gathers round the beginning of the Labour Party. If challenged, we should answer: "the Taff Vale judgment brought the Trade Unions into politics." But what lay behind it? Who were the real pioneers? Hyndman and Morris are forgotten names, the S.D.F. and the I.L.P. mystic initials. Mr. Pelling has done a striking service to the Labour Movement as well as to history by making the story clear. His book has rare distinction as a work of scholarship, told simply, without display, and final in its results. There are some striking conclusions. The Socialists of the eighteen-eighties were doctrinaires, who could never win a mass-following. Hyndman was a tyrant, Morris hopeless as an organiser. But how can one be impatient with the man who said: "Political economy is not in my line, and much of it appears to me to be dreary rubbish. It is enough political economy for me to know that the idle rich class is rich and the working class is poor, and that the rich are rich because they rob the poor"?

Labour independence was the work of the Liberals, though not intentionally. The local caucuses would not accept working-class candidates, despite urgings from the central office. This alone forced the I.L.P. into being. Mr. Pelling does well to stress the contribution of H. H. Champion, despite his acceptance of "Tory gold." But the man who made first the I.L.P. and then the Labour Party was Keir Hardie. He gave the Labour Movement the dual character that it has always retained: concerned both with the practical improvement of day-to-day conditions and with the achievement of a Socialist Utopia. It is a betrayal of the Labour Party to think that it should aim exclusively at either. The Fabians made much boast of their contribution—Shaw even claiming to have drafted the I.L.P. programme; but, lacking Utopian vision, they were an alien element and have always remained so. Keir Hardie had weaknesses, but they were of a different order. His emotions, and particularly his pro-Boer enthusiasm, sometimes pulled him back to the Radicals. Even as late as 1903 he publicly offered the leadership of the Labour Party to John Morley. This would certainly have been a bizarre combination.

The Trade Unions might have gone into politics without Keir Hardie, but there would not have been a Labour Party. He was the best man we ever had, and Mr. Pelling does full justice to him. One man is missing in this book—Robert Blatchford. Mr. Pelling deals in organised meetings and in formal resolutions; and Blatchford was weak at these. But there has never been a Socialist propagandist to match him. Though Keir Hardie created the Labour Party, Blatchford provided it with members. Those who treat the Labour Party as simply a new form of political organisation get off on the wrong foot. It is an association of true believers with the strength, and some of the weakness, of a secret society. Its members are not brothers or comrades for nothing.

Mr. Jenkins deals with politics at the other end of the scale—the class-solidarity of noble lords, driven to panic by the class-solidarity that seemed to be growing against them. His theme is the great crisis over the House of Lords from Lloyd George's budget of 1909 to the passing of the Parliament Act in 1911. The story is told in strictly parliamentary terms, straying beyond Westminster only when there is an election and then with reluctance. This blinkered vision sometimes produces odd judgments. For instance, Mr. Jenkins explains the violence and irresponsibility of the Tories by their impatience with Balfour's frivolous leadership. There were deeper causes. Violence was the mark of the day, from the suffragettes to the syndicalists. Established Victorian standards were losing their force; and men reacted violently to the moral storm that seemed to be threatening. The loss of Christianity is much like having a tooth out. The process is painful, but once it is over you hardly notice the difference. Indeed many people hold that false teeth are much less trouble; and the same may be true of synthetic morality. Again, on a more personal question, Mr. Jenkins overrates Asquith, by looking solely at the House of Commons; and even reaches the curious conclusion that he was a more reliable radical than Lloyd George.

These are details. Mr. Jenkins has written a brilliant and instructive book within his terms of reference. He has also set an example to other Members of Parliament. His book depends entirely on the standard biographies and on *Hansard*. It could all have been written in the library of the House of Commons, and presumably was. No doubt it misses some of the wider points that a more detached historian would have seen. On the other hand, Mr. Jenkins has a much closer grasp of parliamentary procedure and of party manœuvre than a professional scholar can have. The Members of Parliament have much time on their hands. If more of them would turn from the smoking-room to the library, they could write books of profit to themselves as well as of value to others. But, of course, they will need to add to the bound volumes of *Hansard* Mr. Jenkins's wit and clarity. And they will be hard put to it to find any crisis so purely parliamentary as the conflict over the House of Lords.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

## ANTI-ROMANTICS

**Thirty-Nine Preludes.** By LAURENCE CLARK. *Villiers Publications.* 4*s.*

**A Frame of Mind.** By KINGSLEY AMIS. *University of Reading.* 5*s.*

**Life Arboreal.** By EWART MILNE. *Peter Russell.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

The width and sincerity of the public reaction to Dylan Thomas's death have masked, temporarily, what had been, for some years before that tragedy, becoming an obvious fact—that the most promising younger poets had not, since about 1950, been going Dylan Thomas's way. Thomas religiously celebrated existence as process. The philosophy that can be extracted from his poetry is that "everything is perfect of its kind." He wrote about "life" rather than about living. He never protested, discriminated, or sought to improve, and a cry of grief or pain for him was another kind of celebration. Even a rather untypical later poem like *The Hunchback in The Park*, which does seem to pose a social problem—the thwarted hunchback, lingering in the park all day, solitary, wretched, and splendid like a poet, brooding over a green dream of fulfilment; the happy, shouting children who cruelly mock him—does not, in this sense, socially or morally discriminate. The hunchback and the children are both "right" or both "wrong," are both, more fundamentally, part of a universe which, like Margaret Fuller, gad, we had better accept. The negative and limiting, the critical mode of perception fell outside Thomas's range or he transcended it. (Language as celebration similarly transcends sense and nonsense). For the better younger poets today this attitude no longer seems feasible. They probe, question and rein in their feelings—they are, like Iago, "nothing if not critical."

The growth of such a mood can be traced very interestingly in Mr. Laurence Clark's not perhaps in itself otherwise wildly distinguished volume. This book begins with a brutal and nasty epigram about the atomic bomb, called *Social Future*—about how explosions do at least, as it were, "break down class-barriers":

> Then they meet,
> The double-fisted and the double-first,
> The stockbroker, the cleaner, and the black,
> And all the other mutual avoiders, get
> Together in one shift, go on together.

The book ends, however, with a typical piece of old-fashioned pastoral sentiment:

> Infinite in sympathy the rain
> Draws its sigh across the darkened woods. . . .

Do we trace a growth, then, from harsh cynicism to gentle acceptance? No, for the first poem was written in 1953, the last in 1933—the poems are printed in reverse chronological order—and the growth is the other way round. If there is a "story" here, it is that of the hardening rather than the softening of a heart. Acceptance of nature, of "life" in something like Dylan Thomas's sense, has grown with Mr. Clark over twenty years into an opposite, negative mood—a fixed ironic despair about human society. What is disturbing is that the worse mood (allowing that neither mood is, in itself, adequate to our complex situation) seems to produce the better writing. Mr. Clark's early poems are weakened by a conventionality of thought and language, a certain drag in the rhythms:

> I lay down out of the wind. My leaden thought
> Through immense weariness found wings of dream . . . .

When the "immense weariness" ceases to seek for the trite "wings of dream," it expresses itself much more pungently:

> All all driven out like sheep
> Even bishops even admirals
>
> Even philosophers of freedom
>
> The whole damned lot on the march
> Where nobody wants to go
>
> What a crabbed arrangement—

Can that negative attitude, by itself, produce poetry? For all the genuine bite of many of Mr. Clark's later poems I feel in them an equivocal element which I might describe as a child's determination to go on sulking or a disillusioned sentimentalist's spite against time. I feel the earlier and weaker verses are more the real and nicer man. But there is a case for *critical* poetry and Mr. Kingsley Amis's brilliant little volume seems to me an example of work in which positive values *are*, somehow, smuggled into brisk explosions of destructive statement. Behind all the destruction there is a young, gay exuberance:

> Half-shut, our eye dawdles down the page
> Seeing the word love, the word death, the word life,
> Rhyme-words of poets in a silver age:
> Silver of the bauble, not of the knife.
>
> Too fluent, drenching with confectionery
> One image, one event's hard outline,
> The words of failure's voluptuary
> Descant around love—love of a routine. . . .

This harsh statement about contemporary poetry is not "depressing"—since its strictures, however widely justified otherwise, obviously do not apply to itself. Mr. Amis's tone of voice and some of his themes and devices owe a great deal to the earlier Auden:

> And one sort is always trying
> To be champion darling,
> Bush giant, forest king. . . .

But that was the Auden who himself had learned from Skelton through Graves, and there is no reason for young poets to be ashamed of debts, which in time they will repay, to living and dead masters.

If young English poets have been preoccupied over the past few years with not being Dylan Thomas, Irish poets have been preoccupied for a long time with not being Yeats. One can sense Mr. Ewart Milne being a democrat rather than an aristocrat, a forward-looker rather than a backward-looker; eschewing the cloak of the "grand style" for an honest reach-me-down homespun sincerity: even avoiding, perhaps deliberately in his long loose lines, friendly and straggling like a country lane, any echo of Yeats's superb metrical-rhetorical elegance. There is also in his work an explicit rejection of the romantic tradition, in a much broader interpretation of romanticism, indeed, than Yeats's:

> I call him my Dark Fellow,
> And recognise him as I would a road I knew but didn't follow—
> A road of sensual foliage where conscience was, at best ephemeral—
> Whose god was, I suppose, partly Nietzsche, partly Lawrence. (In rage
> Of youth my Dark self was always compelling, at times over-mastering,
> But I didn't cultivate him and now he gazes up at me, drowning.)
> To be sure there's a blind look about him. Light was not his goal.

Such a passage shows Mr. Milne at his best. The lines are neither memorable individually nor, in their slow, lumbering, patient movement, even notably musical. The diction has neither elevation and intensity, on the one hand, nor urbane ease, on the other. But there is a struggling sincerity of thought, carried on an ambling honesty of tone, that makes the total effect impressive and gives the last line, for instance, much more force and weight in its setting than it would appear to have if quoted by itself. Like Mr. Clark and Mr. Amis, Mr. Milne is at least a straw in the wind. Poets are turning once again from the celebration of "life" to the exploration of living—to the problems of how we should morally evaluate typical experience, of what the social morality of the poet should be. Quite apart from one's judgment of these three poets individually, one may think the trend they stand for—unless one thinks of poetry as fundamentally escape, or fundamentally transformation or transcendence—broadly a "good thing."

G. S. FRASER

## LETTERS OF A MAIDEN AUNT

**The Letters of Sara Hutchinson, 1800-1835.** Ed. KATHLEEN COBURN. *Routledge.* 42*s.*

The Sara Hutchinson, 169 of whose unpublished letters fill the present thick volume, was in her time a plain, undistinguished woman whose activities would hold little interest for us today had she not become fortuitously involved in English literature through her sister's marriage to Wordsworth. When the babies began to arrive Miss Hutchinson, as a capable aunt, was sucked into the poet's home and never allowed to depart again as long as her services were needed. Consequently, she met all the literary figures in the Lake District on an intimate footing and was wonderfully posted, with her sharp eyes, to leave an account of them—had she only realised that her letters would so intrigue posterity! As it was, she seems to have been far more preoccupied with servants than with poets, and the glimpses of the great in her enormous letters are widely scattered and tantalisingly few.

The bulk of this surviving correspondence was addressed to close friends and relations and without Miss Coburn's indefatigable editing would remain an impenetrable family mystery. Miss Hutchinson was in the habit of referring to everyone by Christian name or initial (thus Wordsworth appears as Wm. or Mr. W. and Coleridge as C. or S. T. C.); but there was a dearth of originality in the choice of Christian names in the Lake District. The reader who wishes to follow the course of Miss Hutchinson's family affairs with accuracy is confronted with four Annes, four Henrys, four Georges, five Saras, five Thomases and no less than seven Johns and eight Marys to keep disentangled with the aid of Miss Coburn's annotation. But the reward for pertinacity is great. Miss Hutchinson's fluent pen is a wonderful sociological guide to the mechanism of middle-class life in the early nineteenth century: her pages are packed with information on such matters as the letting of houses, the difficulties of farming, the education of children, the construction of churns, the purchase of hats, the price of crockery, the smoking of chimneys and the expense of letters (with many a reference to Wordsworth's penurious reluctance to pay for postage). She can tell us too how banks failed, how horses misbehaved, how marriages went wrong, how ladies were removed to asylums (Mrs. Southey had to be

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taken to the Retreat at York), and how false teeth were made. Real human teeth were inserted into lumps of bone and looked horrible: Dorothy Wordsworth wore a set.

Behind the flood of family gossip conscientiously distributed by the maiden aunt are there any traces of Miss Hutchinson's deeper feelings? What did she think of her fellow "petticoats" under Wordsworth's roof, Mary and Dorothy Wordsworth? Not much can be deduced, beyond a great affection and respect for Dorothy and a touch of sisterly superiority over the fussiness of Mary. Where Wordsworth himself is concerned, one would say that her veneration for the poet did not blind her to his selfishness. And what about Coleridge, who is supposed to have been in love with her? "For dearly, Asra, love I thee," he had addressed her in a poem, disguising her name in a transparent anagram. "My dear old friend" Miss Hutchinson calls him when she visited him on his death-bed. And on another occasion she writes to a cousin, "I have seen such misery in the marriage life as would *appal* you if you had seen it. Such millstones about the necks of worthy men!" The reference to the unhappy Coleridge menage seems unmistakable. But when Coleridge quarrelled with Wordsworth in 1810 Miss Hutchinson was a staunch Wordsworthian and hardly ever saw her lover afterwards. Did it cost her a pang? I doubt it. She was a predestined old maid by nature and philosophically content to be so. But what the plain, short, dumpy Miss Hutchinson felt in 1799, when as a girl of 24 Coleridge held her hand at a party, we shall never know. "For he on honey dew hath fed and drunk the milk of paradise."

Miss Coburn has taken infinite pains with her editing, and adds an exhilarating introduction, although her opinion of Miss Hutchinson as a letter-writer errs a little in over-praise. For readers who cannot share her enthusiasm, the passages in the correspondence that further our knowledge of English literature are more accessible by consulting the index than by skimming the pages. In one tiny matter Miss Coburn's scholarship is at fault. When stating in a note that Southey had access to the Duke of Wellington's papers when writing his *History of the Peninsular War*, she is confusing the Duke with his brother Lord Wellesley.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

## NEW NOVELS

**The Long Ships.** By FRANS BENGTSSON. *Collins.* 15s.

**The Harrowing of Hubertus.** By EDGAR MITTELHOLZER. *Secker & Warburg.* 15s.

**Willoughby Carter.** By HUMPHREY PAKINGTON. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.

*The Long Ships* comprises a number of excellent and exciting stories strung loosely together on the adventures of a hero, Orm, son of a Viking thane. Never dull, nor even long-winded, though it fills five hundred pages of exactingly close type, it is perfectly suited to the tastes of, for instance, readers of Mr. C. S. Forester. It can be taken straight; to extract full enjoyment, however, the following procedure may be recommended. First, skip or otherwise surmount the historical information somewhat solemnly purveyed by Mr. Michael Meyer, whose palatable and lucid translation is no such hardship. Next, laugh off the quaint, fatherly tone of Mr. Bengtsson's Prologue. Lastly, taking a deep breath, decide to endure the company, at close quarters almost physically oppressive, of such monstrous figures as King Harold Bluetooth, King Sven Forkbeard, King Ragnar Hairy-Breeks, of their slave-trading thanes and jarls, and of the "shaven men" bringing Christian baptism to "shores of night and violence" where Thor and Odin prevailed. This need not take long; already on page 24 the graduated reader, comfortably involved in a competent description of a thane's nagging wife, will know at once that there is going to be no profound psychology to hold him back, nor anything profound of any sort. Settled into a banquet of adventure by sea and land, with man-size helpings of battle and murder, robbery and rape, he will find it a treat to go vicariously "a-viking."

The character of *The Long Ships* being untragic and unromantic, it is a relief, if only for propriety's sake, that its hero lives happily-ever-after. Glad of this, I suffered nevertheless a churlish, if not exactly "jarlish" disappointment, in that no feeling stronger than relief seemed to have been kindled. This saga, for all its masterful and erudite control, has no touch of the imaginative genius of, for instance, Sigrid Undset's *Kristin Lavransdatter*. The material is organised with affection rather than with love; at times, inevitably in so big a work, affection seems unorganised, merely polymathic, and a lack of creative fusion is felt. Mr. Bengtsson does a very clever sketch of Ethelred the Unready absorbedly swatting flies as he receives Viking chieftains who have come for their Danegeld. But he might be a tenth-century journalist doing it as a feature. He is always the amused outsider. He will have his chuckle, and in themselves his chuckles are unexceptionable; artistically, some of them are misplaced. Artistically, the gift that Mr. Bengtsson lacks is innocence. His style suggests the decorative associations—impeccable, unoriginal, bland—of the label "Swedish modern."

The admirable qualities of the Dutch have not, in history, prevented them from becoming a great nation. Mr. Mittelholzer seems to go to extraordinary lengths to prove that they have. It is not so much that he depicts, in *The Harrowing of Hubertus*, a complacently brutal society of West Indian planters, spineless and grovelling in the face of alternate British and French conquest; but that he has delivered himself of a grotesque caricature, one Hubertus, who for him represents all that was fruitful, ambiguously visionary, and exceptional in eighteenth-century Dutch colonial mentality.

Smileless, Mr. Mittelholzer weights his portrait with attributes of aldermanic importance. A "man of character," a "big mind," Hubertus, unlike other planters, dresses all his slaves in brown because he "preferred uniformity; it stemmed from his desire to be constant, consistent, in outlook." He has a "great love of trees." Drunkenness, he is convinced, is "impious." Obsessed by his family's motto "The van Groenwegels never run," he is also repelled, because they were a libidinous and vicious brood. That is one reason why he is "harrowed," but a bigger lurks. Hubertus, who opens each day with family prayers and strives to live by the Bible, is a "passionate man." Lust harrows him, its unfailing victories harrow him more. All respectfully sympathise; so much so that when Hubertus, more than usually lust-harrowed, sentences a slave to lie on broken bottles, his cousin Faustina, herself about to yield to him, can tell herself—

> it was not the man he was sentencing to this torture; it was himself; he would writhe on the broken bottles, not the man.

Hubertus could be passed off as a bore, an author's lapse; yet the strenuous pains spent on him suggest some less tractable fault. It is possible that Mr. Mittelholzer's feeling for sex, an excellent trait, has here been misused. His account of the inbred passion of Louise, Hubertus's grown-up daughter, for her ten-year-old cousin Edward, son of Hubertus's cousin and mistress Faustina, is a stifling *tour de force*. (Bored Adonis to desperate Aphrodite, Edward repeatedly fobs off Louise with a "hard, screwing pinch on her thigh.") The long-withheld consummation of this affair, cruelly harrowing to Hubertus, pulls the book out of shape, not by seeming excessive in itself, but because Mr. Mittelholzer is trying to make it do something that it cannot do—namely, to illumine Hubertus with the complications of an interesting hypocrisy. Hypocrisy, we are meant to feel, is the richly intellectual ambergris of this emblematic Dutch hero. Hypocrisy is interesting, unquestionably, but torrid sexual appetites have not made it so. Deposits of history, efforts of philosophers, adjustments of custom and ceremony to aggrand-

isement and success, the timely aids of religion, education, publicity—many things must slowly be squared to nourish this secretion. "*Perfide Hollande*" was not born of physical intimacy in a Guiana swamp. It may exist; Mr. Mittelholzer's hunch-like search is curiously haunting. But here he follows a false trail.

*Willoughby Carter* is a charming, simple story of a boy who passes his exams; distinguishes himself as a doctor, and marries into the aristocracy. His mother, a farmer's daughter, yoked to a self-made small business man, christened him "Willoughby" because from the start she intended him to rise. Step by step—switching from chapel to Church, taking a nicely named house in a nice quarter, insisting on public school instead of grammar, walking to church through the aristocrat's park instead of with common folk by the lane—Mrs. Carter has her way, and Willoughby, endowed with brain and character, is able to follow. It is a day indeed when the bold mother, Willoughby at heel, enters Lady Royle's dressing-room in acceptance of a long-coveted invitation, and sweeps the company off its feet by recalling to a certain peer, in front of everyone, that once on a summer night he had chased her amorously round his fountain. "The party had got off to a fine pace for Emily Carter. . . In a moment she had become the centre of interest."

Syrupy Trollope? No, Mr. Pakington is in the tradition of the British moral fable, of Richardson and Maria Edgeworth. They've a message for you yet, those prudent preachers, as Mr. Pakington proves by writing with such easy, graceful intelligence that the needles of his injected "virtue" scarcely prick.

GILES ROMILLY

## CALLINGS

**Royal Chef.** By GABRIEL TSCHUMI. *Kimber.* 16*s.*

**Memoirs of a Gamekeeper.** By T. W. TURNER. *Bles.* 15*s.*

**Marriage is My Business.** By HEATHER JENNER. *Kimber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

**The Wise Bamboo.** By J. MALCOLM MORRIS. *Michael Joseph.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Here are four autobiographies of working lives. Each writer has found his or her job, and sticking to it has been no mere chance or laziness, but life itself. I am not certain that Mr. Morris comes into this category: he might turn to almost anything—novel-writing or diplomacy.

But the other three have been firmly wedged. Mr. Gabriel Tschumi's book has as its sub-title *Forty Years With Royal Households*, and a fine old-fashionedness colours his memories. What dead coveys went in at the Buckingham Palace gates! What barons of beef spat at great fires! What six-course breakfasts and fifteen-course dinners! Food was not only eaten enormously, and passed on in baskets to the poor, but—because the master chef wasn't satisfied at some stage or other—flung into garbage pails: "dozens of pheasants or *soufflés* . . . salmon, sturgeon, trout or *foie gras*. . . ." The true artist must be allowed to sketch and destroy.

This masterly table-loading reached its full richness with Edward VII. Before him the daily banqueting had been haunted by the spectre of curry, an addiction that returned with George V, who liked little else (Irish stew and cottage pie came next). But with the Edwardians, quality and quantity went hand in hand. The Windsor day would begin well with haddock, poached eggs, bacon, chicken, woodcock, and no course missed; a snack of gargantuan proportions would reward the shooting parties; tea, they seem to have missed, except perhaps for a plate of smoked salmon sandwiches or so; appetites were kept in check for dinner, brilliant we are told in talk as well as despatch, and enlivened, perhaps, by a Maharajah who threw asparagus stalks over his shoulder and so compelled everyone else, in mere politeness, to follow suit. The next day would be the same, and the next. Ascot would stimulate a fourteen-course hamper luncheon which Mr. Tschumi found "impressive," though he dwells most lovingly on the supper parties for thirty at Covent Garden, eaten off gold plates. There was, he assures us, "nothing makeshift" about these; and one is only left wondering what was His Majesty's taste in opera.

The decline after this was rapid. The first war brought margarine and teetotalism; a sad blow to the kitchen staffs. Queen Mary alone preserved a fine taste now that the mammoth days were over; and for six years Mr. Tschumi was her chef at Marlborough House. He had first come to Buckingham Palace from Switzerland in 1898. His picture of royal living is fascinating, and embellished, as it should be, with actual recipes.

The *Memoirs of a Gamekeeper* takes us into a world that survived longer. Even after the world wars, Mr. Turner's game register could still show a total of 50,000 for the year, though this was barely more than a third of such totals in the Twenties, when a Maharajah (how they seem to turn up!) could go out with the brisk intention of killing 1,000 pheasants before dusk. But "it would be wrong," insists Mr. Turner, "to form the idea that wholesale slaughter took place." He was gamekeeper and later head gamekeeper on the Iveagh estate in Suffolk from 1868 to 1953, and though big shoots make monotonous reading, the account of his duties preserves a very exact impression of the life revolving round shooting parties. And one likes Mr. Turner, who in the frontispiece walks away back to us, gun under arm, along a wire fence.

Miss Jenner, though her line of business may be claimed to be older than those of chef or gamekeeper, is altogether newer-fashioned. Since, a Brigadier's daughter, she opened her Bond St. Marriage Bureau in 1939, she has married off 10,000 people. The registration fee is £5, and a further £20 is paid after the wedding; her business is highly respectable, and—to judge from her account of it—no less successful. Her book, though compiled in a journalistic way, gives a curiously practical and sympathetic insight into human contradictions. Most of Miss Jenner's customers suffer, presumably, from some sort of shyness; yet, under her guidance, they show a boldness and perseverance others must admire. Miss Jenner herself, by the way, is married, though she only lets slip the fact.

*The Wise Bamboo* is the best written of these books: that is to say Mr. Morris is most aware of himself, and of the effect he is making, and tempers egotism with amused detachment. As a Lieutenant of the American Army he had, in 1945, to take over a Tokyo hotel for army brass-hats and other V.I.P.s. There were bothers with the architecture and with rats, with the inscrutable though eager Japanese, with the Russians, and finally with the American wives. Mr. Morris got married, and out of the army. Film-stars began to arrive. *The Wise Bamboo*, which is half-way to being a novel, entertains unflaggingly; and if one misses the solid though melting worlds of the Royal Kitchen and the Big Estate, here is one sharp corner of our quickly changing times.

G. W. STONIER

## Week-end Competitions

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Those who Invoked had the harder part. They tried to keep a civil tongue :

Merciful plumber, pull thy Chain of Power,
Succour us at this watery hour ! (Barbara Rickard)

—but sarcasm kept on breaking in :

Bathyscaph and frogman's suit,
Rubber dinghy, parachute,
Are not likely to appear
As accustomed household gear . . . (M.M.M.)

—and mounting hysteria :

By the U-bend that is blocked, by the cock that's uncocked,
By my leak-plugging finger, don't loiter ! don't linger !
By the terror that is stealing across my poor ceiling,
By the bellying plaster, come faster ! come faster !
(Elaine Morgan)

But the comminations went with a swing :

God grant that at the Judgment's knell
You're doomed to plumb the depths of Hell.
(D. L. L. Clarke)

Lead-lagged, leak-drowned,
By ice-cap crowned,
By mate unfound . . .
(L. J. Atkinson)

You are five and fifty thousand strong (my Sunday journal states)
In the mysteries of plumbing self-declared Initiates.
You it was who planned the plumbing that has been for years my bane ;
Everything goes wrong that can, in cistern, water-pipe and drain.
(Alberick)

Two guineas to P. M. One and a half guineas each to Sheila Vale and J. P. Stevenson ; one guinea to Leslie Johnson. Honourable mention to those quoted above, to Hilary for a neat Shropshire Lad piece that was neither quite invocation nor commination, to H. A. C. Evans (" You told me, Mister Plumber, you told me you would come "), to Pithecus and to Miya Simmonds who sent a covering note—

I showed the following lines to the Plumber when he had finished mending my burst pipes. He did not think them at all funny.

### COMMINATION IN SPRING

You hug the squalor of the tomb
In noisome drain and cistern-roomb—
For you no Easter lilies bloomb.

This is the time of bird and lamb,
Of downy chick and babe in pramb.
When sweet airs swell the diaphragmb
And Life proclaims its great " I Amb "—
When by the Isis and the Camb
Young hearts forget the next examb.

. . . For none of this you give a damnb,
But simply sit and plumb and plumb
And never notice Spring has comb.

P. M.

### INVOCATION TO A PLUMBER

Blowlamp blaze and plumbum bubble !
Hear these magic words, we pray !
Come to us, O flux of trouble !
Come and wipe our leaks away !
Come with men and boys encompassed,
Come with tools that never tire,
Come into our home berumpussed
Vanquish water with thy fire.
Through the summer, we confess it,
Our neglect was impolite—
Oh forgive us ! and (we stress it)
Come ! and leave us watertight.

SHEILA VALE

Hence vain, mispublished
*Hundred Household Hints for Handy Men* !
I will not rush again
Where Angels might, with reason, fear to tred.

But com thou god of W.C.s,
In Heav'n yclept *Hephaistos* : these
Our leaden Wounds weep with desire
For thy *Olympic** healing fire.

Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd
Stem'st on some other hearth the unwanted Tide,
Our, our incont'nent Naiad craves thy skill
As once at *Lemnos*, so at *Brixton Hill*.

* *sc.* Olympian. The Hephaistos-cult was imported from the Lycian Mt. Olympus to Lemnos. Natural (petroleum) gas burned in both places.

J. P. STEVENSON

### TOM HOOD ADDRESSES HIS PLUMBER

Dear plumber, finish up your swipes
And listen to my cry,
For every time I eye my pipes
I have to pipe my eye.

The water overflows from pails
And lies in pools and creeks ;
And thus the origin of *wails*
Is traceable to *leaks*.

My water-tank has wrought its will
And soaked me to the skin.
I shall be much put out until
You put another in.

LESLIE JOHNSON

## Company Meeting

## ILLINGWORTH, MORRIS & CO.

**(Worsted Spinners)**

MAINTENANCE OF HIGH QUALITY STANDARDS

The thirty-fourth ordinary general meeting of Illingworth, Morris and Co., Ltd., was held on February 25 in Bradford, the Right Hon. Lord Wilmot of Selmeston, J.P. (the chairman), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement : —

The affairs of your company have shown a satisfactory improvement during the year under review. It has now been possible to recommend that the issued capital should be increased by capitalising one million pounds of the very large accumulated reserves.

The net profit before taxation is £568,000, compared with £358,000 for the previous year. After providing £319,000 for taxation there remains a balance of net profit of £248,000 which compares with £151,000 for the previous year.

Current Assets exceed Current Liabilities by £4,251,000.

Conditions in the worsted industry during the year under review have remained somewhat abnormal. The hold-off from buying on the part of merchants and retailers was over done and, as was the case last year, demand did not come forward in a way which made possible an orderly spacing of work. Re-stocking led to a spate of orders. This abnormal pressure to some extent interfered with the welcome return to the normal practice of seasonal buying, which we are satisfied is developing again.

Our policy is still to maintain the traditional very high standards of quality for which our yarns are so well regarded throughout the world. All our branches have orders which will keep them fully employed for some months ahead.

CHAIRMAN'S ADDITIONAL REMARKS

The Chairman, in reply to questions, said he was pleased to say that the trading figures available for the first four months of the current financial year were better than for the same period of the previous year, which was very satisfactory.

They had a very good Order Book, but it must be remembered that they had still eight months to go.

With regard to the figure in the Balance Sheet—Stock and Stores £2,800,000, the Chairman stated it should be remembered that it constituted largely the work in progress and in fact at that time it was practically all sold.

The report was adopted; the total Ordinary Stock dividend of 14 per cent., less income tax, for the year, approved, and the capitalisation proposals were sanctioned.

## CHESS : Deviating Cockneys

No. 231

Having just returned from what several correspondents very kindly—but, alas, very erroneously—imagined to be the winter sports I hasten to revive our much interrupted, but none the less interesting, game Non-Londoners *v.* Londoners. Here is the score to date.

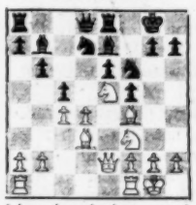
| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-K4 | P-K4 | (10) Kt x P | Kt x Kt |
| (2) | Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 | (11) R x Kt | P-QB3 |
| (3) | B-Kt5 | P-QR3 | (12) P-Q4 | B-Q3 |
| (4) | B-R4 | Kt-B3 | (13) R-K1 | Q-R5 |
| (5) | O-O | B-K2 | (14) P-Kt3 | Q-R6 |
| (6) | R-K1 | P-QKt4 | (15) Q-Q3 | B-KKt5 |
| (7) | B-Kt3 | O-O | (16) B x Kt | P x B |
| (8) | P-B3 | P-Q4 | (17) Q-B1 | Q-R4 |
| (9) | P x P | Kt x P | (18) B-K3 | |

Will Londoners please send their 18th to reach the office not later than March 10th, and let no one grumble about a bad move who has not exercised his democratic right to influence the majority vote. As for the game, I refrain from premature comment, except to note the early deviation, both from the famous " basic " game Capablanca-Marshall and from most of the thorough analysis recently devoted to the variation by Russian masters. I have no compunction, though, in publishing a game springing from a variation which may well be called a near relation of our own problem-child. The game—Alekhine-Junge, Lublin, 1942—is certainly not as well known as it ought to be.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| (1) | P-K4 | P-K4 | (15) R-Q1 | Kt-Q3 |
| (2) | Kt-KB3 | Kt-QB3 | (16) Kt-Q2 | P-QB3 |
| (3) | B-Kt5 | P-QR3 | (17) Kt-B1 | Q-B2 |
| (4) | B-R4 | Kt-B3 | (18) P-QR4! | QR-Q1 |
| (5) | O-O | B-K2 | (19) Kt-Kt3 | Kt(2)-B1 |
| (6) | Q-K2 | P-QKt4 | (20) P x P | P x P |
| (7) | B-Kt3 | O-O | (21) Kt-B5! | Kt-Kt3 |
| (8) | P-B3 | P-Q4! | (22) Q-K3! | Kt x Kt |
| (9) | P-Q3 | P x P? | (23) P x Kt | P-B4 |
| (10) | P x P | B-KKt5 | (24) P-B6! | P x P |
| (11) | P-KR3 | B-R4 | (25) Q-R6 | P-B4 |
| (12) | B-Kt5! | Kt-K1 | (26) B x P ch! | Q x B |
| (13) | B x B | B x Kt! | (27) R x R | Kt-R5 |
| (14) | Q x B | Kt x B | (28) P-QKt3! | resigns |

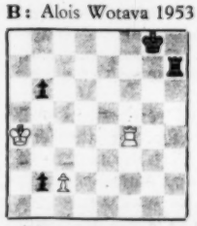
No space for comment much of which is self-explanatory. Had White taken the gambit-pawn Black would have countered (9) . . . B-KKt5! I took this game from a book just published (*H. Müller & A. Pawelczak : Schachgenie Aljechin, Siegfried Engelhardt Verlag, Berlin*). Unlike other biographies this has the considerable advantage of telling us a good deal about the master's life and his far from happy personality ; moreover, the book is copiously illustrated and contains a complete tournament and match record. The 100 games selected include quite a few of the latest ones, missing in earlier biographies.

**A :** Alekhine 1916



The 4-pointer for beginners is a game position reached by Alekhine (White) while laid up in hospital and playing 5 games simultaneously and blindfold. How did he achieve a spectacular win in 3 or 4 moves ? **B**—White to draw—may be underrated with 6 ladder-points but for the helpful hint that it is sometimes useful to shift the enemy K to a spot more opportune for one's own convenience. **C**—White to win should be well worth 7 points ; it was a 1st prize winner in a Czech competition.

**B :** Alois Wotava 1953



**C :** Frantisek Richter 1952

Usual prizes. Entries by March 15th.

## REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set February 13

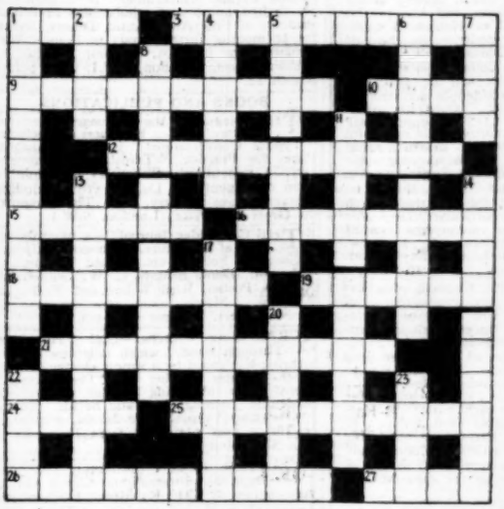
A : (1) B-K1 ch., K-R6. (2) K-B1, etc.
B : (1) B-Kt4, P x B. (2) K-Kt3, P x P. (3) Q x P ch., etc.
C : (1) Kt-Kt5 ch., K-K4. (2) B-R1 ! B-B1. (3) Kt-R7, B x P. (4) Kt-B6 ch., K-B5 ! (5) Kt x B, K-Kt6. (6) Kt-B1 ch., K-B7. (7) Kt-Q2, Kt-Kt7. (8) Kt-Q3 ch., K-Kt8. (9) Kt-B3 ch., K x B. (10) Kt-B2 mate.

Not surprisingly, quite a few competitors were stumped by **C**. Even so, there was nearly a score of correct solutions. Prizes shared by K. Beaumont, R. C. Chaturvedi, G. S. Fisher, J. R. Harman, M. M. Kennedy, A. Schneider.

ASSIAC

# Week-end Crossword No. 90

*Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 90, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on March 16*



## ACROSS

1. Another instalment of Thomas (4).
3. Plot which could produce an orange for a penny (10).
9. Where to make liquor for a football team (10).
10. Backward (4).
12. Queer habits for a prison (11).
15. Duty list (6).
16. Court hobby? (8).
18. Included one finish in another (8).
19. Add or subtract nine from the supplement (6).
21. Place by the Thames gives unnecessary advice to the metal-worker (11).
24. The right Parliament for Sir Wavell Wakefield? (4).
25. Treat rearranged in an island sound (10).
26. Part of the world rewritten in a detailed manuscript (6, 4).
27. "Damn with faint praise, assent with civil——" (Pope) (4).

## DOWN

1. Workers who start at noon (10).
2. Danger spots? (4).
4. What is able to keep the wheels turning? (6).
5. The hold of a business vice (4, 4).
6. Washing that should not be aired? (5, 5).
7. It comes from nowhere in literature (4).
8. Historic meeting for early birds (4, 2, 5).
11. Vegetable for the wrong course? (5, 6).
13. Made an announcement and gave information about coal distribution (10).
14. Law unenforced when the landlord is murdered? (4, 6).
17. In the countryside the boy is up and we are about (8).
20. Treaty town, but the name is changed (6).
22. An odd flower (4).
23. The monster therefore suffers a reverse (4).

SET-SQUARE

*Solution to No. 88*

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 88

*Miss A. E. Johnston (Dublin), Miss W. B. McIntosh (Ealing, W.5), V. Vale (Durham)*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EASTER-TIME in London. Good-sized, quiet, sunny old-St. Pancras scholar's room, pleasant view on Park, very simply furnished, bath-kitchen, 'phone, library. Friendly cat to feed and look after. From about March 20th-definitely till May 8th, £2 5*s.* weekly (or near). 8 Regent Sq., W.C.1. Ring TER. 5195, 7.30-9.30 a.m.

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## ACCOMMODATION—continued

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## APPOINTMENTS VACANT

*The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged* 18-64 *inclusive or a woman aged* 18-59 *inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order*, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, New South Wales, Australia. Eight Lectureships. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the positions of Lecturers in: 1, English; 2, Latin; 3, Philosophy; 4, History; 5, Mathematics; 6, Psychology; 7, Economics; 8, Geography. The Lecturers appointed will be required to prepare and conduct correspondence courses in their respective subjects. The appointees will be full members of the academic staff with the same status as members of the internal teaching staff. They may be required to undertake in addition to correspondence duties, some internal teaching and will be encouraged to engage in research work. Commencing salary will be within the range of £A650 to £A1,000 per annum according to qualifications, with annual increments of £A50 and a cost of living adjustment at present £A252 for males and £A191 for females. Salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The successful applicant will be expected to take up duties as early as possible. Further particulars and information as to the method of application should be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London? is April 12, 1954.

SHORT Service Commissions in the Instructor Branch of the Royal Navy. Applications are invited from University Graduates and qualified teachers under 36 years of age for Short Service Commissions of 3, 4 or 5 years in the Instructor Branch, Royal Navy. Applications will also be accepted from final year undergraduates, and these will be considered in anticipation of their degree results. Requirements are mainly for Officers with qualifications in Mathematics, Science (Physics, Chemistry, Metallurgy) or Engineering, but a few vacancies exist for Officers with qualifications in History or English with a sound Mathematics or Science background. After two years' service, officers will be eligible for selection for permanent commissions. A Short Service engagement in the Instructor Branch will discharge any candidate's obligation under the National Service Acts. 2. Entry will be in two grades. Selected candidates with 1st or 2nd Class Honours Degrees receive approximately £410 in their first year's service, £429 in second year, £548 in third and fourth years, £584 in fifth year. Other candidates receive £319 in first, £392 in second and third years, £429 in fourth and fifth years. Previous officer service will be recognised for adjustment of seniority and rate of pay on entry. Accommodation and rations are provided or allowances in lieu. Married Officers if aged 25 or over receive Marriage Allowance of £338 per annum if not accommodated in official married quarters, £283 per annum if they are so accommodated. Married Officers under the age of 25 receive Marriage Allowance of £146 per annum, but are not entitled to be accommodated in Official married quarters. An initial Outfit Allowance of £115 is paid, together with a free issue of certain articles of clothing. A reduced allowance is payable to candidates with previous Naval Service as officers. Tax free gratuities of £300, £400 or £500 are payable at the end of 3, 4 or 5 years respectively. 3. Instructor Officers serve both ashore and afloat and their duties include both technical instruction and general education. Officers with suitable qualifications may also be trained and appointed for full- or part-time meteorological and weather forecasting duties. 4. Service in the Instructor Branch will, in the case of officers who enter from contributory service under the Teachers' (Superannuation) Acts, be treated as contributory service, contributions being deducted from the above gratuities. Other officers may have their service in the Instructor Branch similarly treated if they so desire. 5. Fuller details and application forms may be obtained from Director (P), Naval Education Service, Admiralty, London, S.W.1. Completed application forms should be returned, if possible, before May 31, 1954.

MID-Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Child Guidance Clinic, Hillend, St. Albans, Herts. Applications are invited for the post of part-time locum tenens Adult Psychotherapist (non-medical) to work at the above Clinic one day (two sessions) per week for approximately six months. The successful candidate will be required to undertake treatment of parents of children attending the Clinic. Applications, with copies of testimonials, to be forwarded to the Medical Director, as above.

FRUSTRATED Art Director wanting scope for ideas and initiative needed by expanding London firm. Must have human touch and a sense of humour, and a long-term view of salary prospects—modest four figures to start. Qualities required: administrative ability, good critical sense, wide contacts with designers and artists, reasonable technical knowledge, decision, patience and hard work. Write fullest details in absolute confidence to Box 6054.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COMMISSIONS in the Women's Royal Air Force. Applications are invited from women over 18½ and under 37 to train as officers in the W.R.A.F. Initial appointments are for short service commissions—generally five years. Pay begins at £242 p.a. and can rise to £1,163 for those selected for long-service commissions. Free accommodation and rations or allowance in lieu. All candidates must pass a selection and a medical board. There are two methods of entry. For a commission, granted after technical and officer training, in the Secretarial, Equipment or Fighter Control branches, candidates must be educated to G.C.E. (ordinary level) or Scottish Leaving Certificate standard. For direct commissions in the Technical Education, Catering, Equipment or Secretarial branches, applicants should possess a university degree or the Intermediate Certificate of appropriate professional examinations, but those with sufficient practical experience will also be considered. Full details from: Air Ministry, A.R.1.(D.28), Adastral House, London, W.C.2.

B.B.C. requires Programme Assistant (bi-lingual in French and English) for French Section. Requirements include ability to translate news bulletin into French at high speed and in good style, to type own translations and to read fluently in French at microphone; journalistic experience or literary ability; wide interest in politics, economics and international affairs. Shift work covering twenty-four hours a day. Appointment not normally for more than three years. Salary £780 with prospects of promotion. Requests for Application Forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "79 N.Stm." should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

PSYCHOLOGICAL Testers required for H.M. Prisons. There are four vacancies in the provinces (probably in Liverpool, Durham, Birmingham and Bristol) and one in London. Male applicants will be preferred for the provincial posts but female applicants will be considered. The London post is for a female tester. Duties will mainly consist in the group use of intelligence and aptitude tests together with the recording and filing of test results and other information. The work will be carried out under the direction of a psychologist or medical officer. Some previous experience in psychological group testing either in H.M. Forces or elsewhere is required. Salary scales: (London) men £450 by 4 increments to £515 per annum; women £365 by 4 increments to £420 per annum. Outside London slightly less. The minimum of £450 (men) £365 (women) is linked to age 24. The starting pay of new entrants will be reduced by 1 increment for each year under that age at the date of appointment. Entrants aged 24 and over will enter at the minimum of the scale. Posts are non-pensionable. Application form and regulations from the Establishment Officer (E.84/4/21), Prison Commission, Dean Ryle Street, Westminster, S.W.1, to be returned by March 20.

RAINHILL Hospital, Rainhill, Near Liverpool. Applications are invited for a full-time Clinical Psychologist. Salary scale and conditions of service in accordance with Whitley Councils for the Health Services Professional & Technical Council. Applicants must hold an honours degree in psychology of a University of England, Wales, Scotland or Ireland, and should be in possession of a proficiency certificate. The appointment will be subject to the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations and subject to passing a medical examination. Applications stating age, qualifications and previous experience, together with copies of two recent testimonials, to reach the Medical Superintendent not later than March 11, 1954.

COUNTY of Lincoln—Parts of Holland and Kesteven. Education Committees. Bourne House Hostel for Maladjusted Children. Applications are invited from persons over 21 years of age for the following residential posts at the Bourne House Hostel (20 children resident). The posts are superannuable: (1) Assistant Matron—Accommodation is available for a single person. Salary £210×£10—£240 per annum plus free board, lodging and laundry valued at £78 per annum. (2) Children's Assistant—Accommodation is available for a single person. Salary £180×£10—£210 per annum plus free board, lodging and laundry to the value of £78 per annum. Further details and forms of application may be obtained from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope. T. W. P. Golby, Director of Education, County Offices, Sleaford, Lincs.

YOUTH Hostels Association requires Assistant to Surveyor to prepare plans and help in survey, maintenance and adaptation of hostel buildings. Commencing salary up to £400 according to age and experience, plus travelling expenses. Applic. form from National Secretary, Y.H.A., Welwyn Garden City, Herts, to be returned by April 1.

WOMEN Officers, 30/45, with industrial background required full-time in Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow or mobile, to teach industrial outwork. Knowledge of Social Services an asset. Write details of experience and salary required to Box 2196, Blackford's Advertising, Bristol.

HOUSEMOTHER or Assistant Matron wanted end April in small co-educational boarding school. Salary £200 p.a. plus full board and lodging. Apply by letter enclosing references & dates of education, previous posts held, etc. Monkton Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset.

## APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Borough of Swansea. Education Committee. Swansea (Women's) Training College: Appointment of Resident Domestic Bursar. Applications are invited from women (single or widowed) who are under 45 years of age unless already in the service of a local authority, and who possess appropriate Institutional or Household qualifications and suitable experience, for the post of Resident Domestic Bursar at the Swansea (Women's) Training College. The salary appertaining to the post will be £595 per annum. Charges for residential accommodation, board, laundry, etc., valued for superannuation purposes at £135 per annum, will be repayable to the Authority. The successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. The post will be superannuable under the Local Government Superannuation Act. Application forms, which should be completed and returned not later than March 20, 1954, and further particulars, obtainable from the undersigned on receipt of a stamped addressed foolscap envelope. L. J. Drew, Director of Education, Education Department, The Guildhall, Swansea.

EAST Sussex County Council. Applications are invited for appointments of Assistant Housefather and Assistant Housemother at Marle Place, Burgess Hill, a Reception Centre for the observation of the physical and mental condition of 30 children aged 5-17. Annual salary scales—Assistant Housefather £330-£390; Assistant Housemother £300-£345; deduction of £100 per annum for board and lodging in each case. Appointments are superannuable and subject to medical examination. Particulars obtainable (S.A.E.) from Children's Officer, County Hall, Lewes, to whom application forms should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

JUNIOR Mistress, not over 40, reqd. in May for small group of 8-10-yr.-olds in co-ed. school nr. Bristol. Box 5646.

FAMILY Planning Clinic req. Social Worker, 30-35 yrs. Book-keeping, typing exp. essent. Varied interesting work. 5-day week. Starting £325 p.a. Box 6163.

MATRON, not over 40, required immediately for co-educational school near Bristol. Box 5645.

WANTED: man who can sell newspaper advertising space, combined with ideas, drive and intelligence; first-class prospects; N. London series. Full partics. to Box 6080.

ADMINISTRATIVE Secretary, shorthand-typing essential, nursing experience an advantage, wanted by Group Practice, 4 doctors, South London. State salary and experience to Box 6201.

SECRETARY reqd., English-German, perfect shorthand-typist. Box 6218.

JUNIOR clerk-typist, female, required for Advertisement Department of this journal. Ring HOL. 8471 (Secretary).

IRVING Theatre Club, Leicester Square, require young person with knowledge of typing as part-time Receptionist.

STENOGRAPHER wanted, fast speeds, experience, intelligence & personality, to help editor develop news-publicity-export-organisation. Write fully: Box 6136.

MARRIED women wtd. Sh. & C./typs. 10-5. No Sats. Gd. sal. St. Stephen's, 38 Parliament St., S.W.1. WHI. 0606 & 2 Broad St. Pl., Finsbury Circus. LON. 5397.

TEMP. Sh./typs.; C/Typs. &c. reqd. for int. wk. High rates of pay. GER. 1069.

RELIABLE nurse-governess for 2 intelligent boys 7 and 12 both in school. Ideal conditions and every consideration for the right person. Box 6082.

YOUNG cook/mother's help required, country house near Bath. Aga/central heating, 6 in family, daily help. References, please, to Huggett, Beach, Bitton, Glos.

MOTHER recovering leg injuries needs congenial help; pleas. cntry. home. 2 schl. children, gd. sal. Daily help. Brown, Middle West, Thorney, Nr Peterborough.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED

INTELL. ex-Nat. Service officer (aircrew), univ. scholar, seeks interesting exacting employment, April-Sept. Box 6093.

WEST African (29), intelligent, adaptable, capable of taking initiative, urgently seeks employment. General clerical experience. Box 5902.

DESIGNERS. All forms of publicity & printed matter. Complete printing service available. English, French, German. Box 6047.

BI-LINGUAL young lady secretary, French and English shorthand, some German, seeks interesting post. Box 6137.

LADY, 30, well educated, car driver, seeks secretarial post where willingness to travel required. Home in London. Apply Box 6112.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

YOUNG woman, 24, seeks interesting work. Intelligent, adaptable, musical training, fluent French. Interests: Theatre, Music, Arts. Box 6170.

## APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

BI-LINGUAL lady secretary, 25, French & English shthnd., 9 yrs. office exp., res. Port Said, sks. post anywhere U.K. Box 5938.

## SCHOLARSHIPS

THE French Government is awarding a limited number of scholarships to British students of Fine Arts, Music, Drama, Ballet, for 10 months' further study in France. Particulars from J. Auba, Cultural Attaché, 22 Wilton Crescent, London, S.W.1. Write before March 12.

## BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages. Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1s. monthly from newsagents, or 13s. 6d. yrly., including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"THE Cambridge Journal"—a monthly review of Literature, Economics, History, Philosophy, Politics, etc., edited by Michael Oakeshott, Denis Brogan, C. W. Guillebaud, Michael Postan, Basil Willey and T. F. D. Williams. March issue now ready. Of all booksellers. 3s. net (30s. p.a.).

SCRAP Your Crutches—read "Happiness Through Food," which tells how an old arthritic was cured by a simple change of diet, in the Winter number of "The Farmer." Many other absorbing articles on organic gardening, farming, food and health. Edited by Newman Turner, price 2s. 6d. a quarter, or 10s. a year post free, from Ferne Farm (N), Shaftesbury, Dorset.

"GUITAR News," bi-monthly, 5s. p.a. Dept. N., International Classic Guitar Association, 47 Clarence Street, Cheltenham.

TREATMENT of Neurotics by Pavlovian Methods. (Prof. S. N. Davidenkov.) Main article in new printed issue of S.C.R. Medical Bulletin, just out. 1s. 6d. (post 3d.) from S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., London, W.8, or from bookshops.

WHAT are you reading? Join The Postal Library of Psychology. 48 Ring Road, Crossgates, Leeds, for interesting psychological works. Why not write for details?

DID you know that potato peelings can save life? That good nutrition lessens accidents? That pasteurised milk kills calves? That millions of germs work to keep us well? These and dozens of other vital health facts are expounded in a fascinating book, "Nature Cure from the Inside," The Why of Chronic Disease, by James C. Thomson. From booksellers (7s. 6d., by post 7s. 9d.), or direct from Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9. Tel. 79435

"ORGONOMIC Functionalism," 2nd issue. Orig. orgone research on self-regulation, birth, sleep, the universal spinning wave. Ritter, M.C.D., B.Arch./B.Sc.biol., D.Ed., Alston, Alexandra Park, Nottm. 2s. 6d. Sub. 15s.

ALL the facts and a calendar of proposals on Germany. "Trying to Save Europe," by Quaestor in the March Labour Monthly. Order 1s. 6d. all newsagents, or 9s. 3-yr's sub, from 4N.S., 134 Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

"THE Homosexual Outlook": a great help in understanding this difficult problem. "A well-informed book." The Listener. Off all booksellers or post free 19s. from Peter Nevill, Ltd., 50 Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7.

VINCENT Cleland, Foreign Books. All enquiries welcomed. 155c Clapton Common, E.5. (STA. 1849.)

"HANDS Off Independent Schools!" Founder's Message. S.a.e. to N.E.V.A., 50 East Hill, Colchester.

GERMAN Book Club. Cloth-bound novels at a quarter of the published price. Also all the latest German books. Catalogues from 10 Bayley Street, London, W.C.1.

BOOKS, 2nd-hand, posted. Write for lists. Silverdale, 47 Bank St., Glasgow.

WANTED: Scrutiny back nos. Lawrence. Fantasia of Unconscious. Phœnix. Reflections Death of Porcupine. Box 5343.

WANTED, Books & pamphlets on Socialism, Communism, Russia, China, Trotsky, and private libraries, large or small. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

3,508 German second-hand Novels, Plays etc., in Catalogue 50. Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., London, N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

## PROPERTIES FOR SALE

CORNWALL, Nr. Tintagel. Profit-making holiday or permanent home for sale. 5-rm. Bungalow, bathroom, H.C. Electricity. Garden. Nr. bus. Exquisite views, peaceful position. £450 secures, mortgage rem. W., 57 Avonmore Road, W.14. FUL. 5685.

WINDMILL (Converted) for sale, Norfolk Coast. 7 bedrooms, 2 large round living rooms, bathroom, mains water & elec., small secluded garden, in reach of golf, sailing, bird sanctuary. Vac. poss. Mrs. Frances Cornford, 10 Millington Rd., Cambridge.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. State latest date acceptable. Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. HOL. 8471.

## PERSONAL

FURN./unfurn. rooms, salary by arrangement, offered for help with house and 2 school-age daughters. British or foreign lady. School-age child welcomed. Sentance, 32 Bramley Ave., Coulsdon, Surrey.

COUPLE, 40's, owning Consul, want couple join them month May, Italian lakes, share driving, expenses. Uplands 0789.

AUSTRIAN-born middle-aged English lady desires join private party Austria, May-June-July. Interpreter German-French, share car, expenses. Box 6086.

MOTHER, 2 well-behaved boys 7 & 9, wishes exch. London home for similar at seaside last fortnight April. Box 6081.

GERMAN doctor's daughter (18) wishes to exchange visits with British girl from April. Box 5968.

WOMAN Driving Salzburg late July ret. early Sept. desires passenger(s) either/both journeys sharing exps. Box 5986.

ACCOM. for conferences, etc., available April 3-25, July 17 to Sept. 30. Brochure from Vacation Letting Secretary, King's College Hall, London, S.E.5.

YOUNG Civil Servant starting Mediterranean holiday March 14 would welcome companion (m). Exps. shared. Mr. Anthony, 45 Lancaster Park, Richmond, Surrey.

PYRENEES. Student (23, m.) seeks companion (m.), energetic, cheap holiday, 2 or 3 weeks June. Box 6096.

WRITER motoring through France to Spain mid-March, willing take one or even 2 companions, contrib. exps. Box 6128.

TIMBERED Cottage, half-acre plot, 40 miles London. To Partner help expand established horticultural enterprise, small capital required, suit active retired man or couple starting. Box 5456.

STUDIO, old Antibes, Côte d'Azur. Light, quiet, comf. 2 good beds. Box 5984.

HALF share in estab. Studio Pottery at W.11, offered, low rent. Grafton electric kiln fully equipped. £500, o.n.o. Box 5990.

BULGARIA. First depart. April 11 then weekly from May 15. For full programme 14 countries send s.a.e. to Holiday Friendship Serv., 5 Goodwins Ct., London, W.C.2.

CORRESPONDENCE invited from Children's Holiday Homes, with vacancies all August, suitable girl 7, boy 4, South Coast preferred. Box 5889.

YNG. lady teachers sk. holiday employment month from July 24. Box 6044.

SAMUEL'S Therapy: could anyone tell me where this can be obtained? Box 6040.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

A FOREIGN Language an Asset. Practical training in children's care and light house duties for young ladies arranged au pair with pocket money in excellent French families for 6 months or summer. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. (Phone KNI. 4132.)

AUSTRIAN Hotels. Accom. bookable London from 12*s.* 6*d.* incl. Box 6123.

ITALIAN (conversation-grammar) taught. Expd. Italian teacher (m). Box 6198.

SPANISH lady teacher accepts pupils. Box 6121.

ART student, 19, sks. post abroad Easter/Summer vacs. as nursemaid. Adv. G.C.E. French, Hebrew (fluent), German. Box 6114.

COMPANIONABLE sailing holiday with tuition. South Devon. August. Four Winds, Highfield, Letchworth, Herts.

CHILDREN'S Hotel. Sea & country. Every care. Open all year. Thanet House, Broadstairs. Thanet 62547 & 62783.

RELAXATION-therapy for various nervous conditions. Manipulation, Massage, Osteopathy. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. WEL. 9600. Ask for broch.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success. No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.1. "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

HANDS and Character—a study in scientific hand analysis individually prepared. Send for free copy of "Your Hands and You." - Box 5176.

CANAL & River Cruising. Fully equipped motor cruisers for hire. Broch.: Canal Pleasurecraft (s), Stourport-on-Severn.

DOUGLAS V. Morgan, Genuine Astrologer. Send s.a.e. for details: "Fairfield," Energlyn, Caerphilly, Wales.

EYESIGHT re-education. Refractive errors and squint treated by qualified Bates Practitioner. Doris M. Brock, 57 Hale Lane, Mill Hill, London, N.W.7. MIL. 1065.

THE holiday you'll remember . . . spent midst lovely surroundings at home or abroad in one of 80 C.H.A. centres, famed for their comfort and good companionship. Excursions arranged. Spend a trouble-free holiday with the C.H.A. Book early! C.H.A. (Dept. J), Birch Heys, Manchester, 14.

## PERSONAL—continued

GROUP German students unable continue subscription for the present ask readers to post on their N. S. & N. after reading. Details: Manager, New Statesman & Nation.

SPRING ski-ing. Join one of our Spring ski-ing parties to Obertauern, Obergurgl, Hochsoelden, Kl. Scheidegg. Departures March 12 and 20 and Easter (April 2, 9 & 10). Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

EASTER. Join one of our special Easter parties to Paris, Rome and Italian towns, Majorca, or a House Party in Berkshire and in the Lake District. Erna Low, 47 (NS) Old Brompton Rd., London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

YUGOSLAVIA: Holiday arranged by Progressive League on Adriatic Coast, July 10-25. 13 nights excellent hotel fronting on sea. Friendly, informal company. Mountain walks, bathing, sunbathing, dancing. Lectures by Yugoslavs: visits to factories, etc., to see industrial democracy experiments. Excursions Split, Rab, Zagreb etc., £36. Full detls. Hon. Orgr., 10 Park Drive, N.W.11.

HOLIDAYS in Bavarian Alps, nr. Garmisch. Luxury hotel, lake, forest and mountain scenery, charming Baroque towns & villages, excellent excursion possibilities in the most beautiful part of Europe. 15 days, from £31 to £34. Also Rhineland, Hartz Mts., Black Forest, &c., from £23 10*s.* E.T.A. Tours, 357 Strand, London, W.C.2.

CORSICA, Majorca, Sardinia. A 14-day sunshine holiday by air to any of these Mediterranean Paradise islands on specially advantageous terms. Full board and accommodation from £43 10*s.* Also a grand Mediterranean luxury air cruise for £63 10*s.* Plan now. Write or 'phone for four exciting fully illustrated free brochures to Dept. C.S., Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., E.C.4. CITy 7163.

RELAX in the Sun. On the islands of Corfu, Elba and Dierba (off the Tunisian Coast), the French Club Mediterranee runs three holiday villages where you can escape entirely from the cares of the world. Underwater fishing, water ski-ing, dancing, French cooking, excursions to Athens, Rome and the mainland of Africa. The Club will be glad to welcome British members. For further information write to: Club Mediterranee, 8 rue de la Bourse, Paris 2e, France.

SMALL Jewish Holiday Parties to South of France, Italy or Spain. Informal meetings before departure. Fifteen days from £33 12*s.* Write or 'phone for free illustrated brochure to Mr. N. Sosner, Apal Travel, 51 High Holborn, W.C.1. CHA. 4627/8.

YOUR last chance to book that Spring holiday abroad: Architectural Tour of Italy, 13 days £32 5*s.*, Austrian Cities Tour, 14 days for £32 10*s.*; for details of these and many other tours abroad, write to: National Union of Students, Travel Department (NS), 3 Endsleigh Street, London, W.C.1.

"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A, Cavendish Sq., W.1. (LANgham 3626).

HOLIDAYS abroad this year? Read a Windows on the World Travel Book before making up your mind. Choose from "The Charm of The Channel Islands," "The Beauty of Morocco," "Italian Pageant" and many others, all by well-known authors. Every book illustrated with 17 full-page plates. Published by Evans and available at all booksellers, 12*s.* 6*d.* each.

MEN of distinction drink any kind of whiskey when confronted by a professional camera, but can usually make do with strong black coffee if their appointment is with John Vickers at 29.B Belgrave Road, S.W.1. VIC. 4915.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

FREELANCE artists specialising in first-class figure work and wanting to increase their turnover under efficient direction of well-known firm of London Artists' Agents, should write Box 4126 when an immediate appointment for discussion will be arranged.

## PERSONAL—continued

EASIBINDER "self-binding" cases will hold your "New Statesman" as if they were in a bound volume! Maroon rexine cloth, titled in gold. 13*s.* 6*d.*, post free, from The Publisher, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

GREECE for your holiday: Land of Myth and Magic. 15 days Rome, Naples, Athens, Corinth, Malta. Escorted throughout by Lieut. Commander Merian Minshall, M.A. (Oxon), whose wide experience in the organising of group travel to the remoter corners of Europe backed by his training as an Architect, Explorer, Historian and Cook, will guarantee you a memorable holiday: 15 days from 39*gns.* Travel Planning, 10 Blacklands Terrace, Sloane Square, S.W.3. KEN. 9467.

HOLIDAYS the "En Famille" Way in Austria, France, Germany, Scandinavia, Holland. "To get the best out of travelling is to learn to understand new customs, new ways of living, new ways even of thinking." Spend your holidays abroad in the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family. Illus. Brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

ROME, Capri, Pompeii, Florence. Mr. Lamming has a few vacancies on his small personally escorted Easter party (16 days). Our illus. booklet gives details of this and many other "out of the ordinary" escorted and independent holidays in all countries. Allways Travel Service, 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1. Cha 6436/7.

YUGOSLAVIA. If you are thinking of visiting Yugoslavia this year you cannot do better than join a Ramblers' party. We are running two interesting sightseeing tours —one to Split and Dubrovnik on the Dalmatian coast, the other to Belgrade and then down the Danube and through the Iron Gates to Macedonia. Write for copy of 1954 Yugoslavia Leaflet to Ramblers' Assoc. Services, 48 (M.7) Park Rd., N.W.1.

MATHS for Matric., Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

CHILDREN'S holidays with riding. Parndon Hall, Harlow, offers country holidays with every amenity for children's enjoyment; eight ponies with resident instructress, riding meadow, tennis court, extensive grounds. Qualified Matron and teachers give careful supervision and organise games and excursions. Vacancies April 10 to May 2 fr. 3½*gns.* Apply Principal, Mrs. K. Clare.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

MATHEMATICIAN coaches to General Cert. of Educ. and to open Scholarship level. 33 Nottingham Place, W.1. WEL. 8022.

AIR-Coach-Train combined to Salzburg & Vienna, July 24 to Aug. 7 at £37 10*s.* to £38 10*s.*, all in. Brochure from E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

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THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Tues-Fri. 7.45, Sat. 6 & 8.30. "The Dutch Courtesan."

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EVERYMAN Ham. 1525. Until Mar. 7: Clair Season. "Le Silence Est D'Or" (A). From Mar. 8: "Les Belles De Nuit" (U).

MARBLE Arch Pav. "The Eva Braun & Hitler Story" (U) & "The Island Sinner" (X) 12.10, 2.45, 5.25, 8.5. Sn. 4.30, 7.5.

NAT. Film Th., S. Bnk. WAT 3232. Sat. Mar. 6. Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy: "The World & His Wife" (A). Dir. F. Capra. 1.30, 3.45, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Palace, ADV. 3520. Sun., Mar. 7; 7.30. Ultimo Incontro (X), Italian.

SCALA Theatre. Sunday, Mar. 14, 7.30. Soviet films. "Concert of Stars" (Galina Ulanova, Alla Shelest, U.S.S.R. State Folk Song and Dance Ensemble). A feast of opera, ballet, folk-dance, singing, in superb colour. Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. from Educ. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1. 10% discount on block bookings of 10 plus, cash and s.a.e. with order.

I.C.A. Film, March 8, Monday 7.45, at French Institute, Queensberry Place, S.W.7. "Die Dreigroschenoper," shorts. Tickets in advance only, GRO. 2569. Members 2s. 6d., guests 3s. 6d.

ACORN Club presents a Grand Dance in the Oak Room, Arts Theatre Club, Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, on Sunday, March 7. Dancing to Harry Kahn's Orchestra 8-12 midnight. Spot prizes, etc. Adm. members 6s. Visitors 7s. including refreshments.

DANCING at the Vienna Café, Berkeley Arcade, Baker St., opp. Station, on Saturday, March 6, 8-11p.m., to the Debonaires. Spot prizes, novelties. Adm. 6s. including refreshments.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society Dance, Sat., Mar. 13, 7.30-11. Artworkers' Guildhall, 6 Queen Square, W.C.1. Adm. 3s.

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I.C.A. Club Dancing every Saturday in March, 8-11 p.m. 17 Dover St., W.1. Mems. 3s., non-mems. 5s. Membership invited.

MEET your friends at The Hungarian Club, Dancing Sunday night, March 7, 7-11 p.m. Adm. 2s. members & guests. Restaurant open from 6 p.m. 33 Pembridge Square, Notting Hill Gate, W.2.

## CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall. Sun. March 21 at 3. New London Quartet with Sir Malcolm Sargent (piano). Quintet in E flat—Schumann, Quartets, Beethoven & Sibelius. WAT. 3191.

LISZT Society Recital. Emelie Hooke, soprano; Gordon Watson, Robert Collet, piano. Thur., March 18, 7.30. Arts Council Drawing Room, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Goethe, Schiller, Heine songs; Soirées Italiennes de Mercadante, Les Patineurs, Csárdás Obstiné, Sinistre, Faust Waltz, etc. 6s. (Liszt Society members 5s.), Ibbs & Tillett (WEL. 8418), also hall, night of concert.

LONDON Music Group at Arts Council, 4 St. James's Sq., Thurs., March 11, 8.15. Two performances of "Messe Notre Dame"—Machaut 1300-1377. Conductor George Malcolm. Tickets at door, 5s. 9d. & 3s. 3d.

OISTRAKH (David) playing Mozart & Glazunov. Also Myaskovsky's 5th Symphony, Kuzhemyatov's Symphonic Poem, &c. Tape-recording recital. Sun., Mar. 7, 7 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. (S.C.R. & Students 6d.)

LONDON Jewish Society — Recorded Hebrew and Yiddish Music at Ben Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Tuesday, March 9, 8 p.m. Visitors 2s. 6d.

## EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton St., W.1. French Paintings of the XIX and XX Century. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Rebeyrolle—Recent Paintings. Dly. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-12.30. Closes March 6.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Square, W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Anne, Victoria; Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George St., W.1. Paintings by Stefan Knapp. Private View, Tues., March 9, at 3 o'clock.

## EXHIBITIONS—continued

WHISTLER. An exhibition of Etchings, Dry-Points & Lithographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till March 27. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Adm. free.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W.1. Paintings by Pierre Dumont (1884-1936) "Maitre de Rouen." Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Exhibition closes April 10.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Recent Paintings by Ruszkowski & Roy Turner Durrant. Closing Mar. 13.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Drawings France & Corsica. Evelyn Gibbs. Feb. 25-Mar. 20, 10-6, inc. Sat.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Collectors' Choice III—Modern French and British Paintings.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover Street, W.1. Recent British Drawings. Daily 10.30-6, closed Sundays. Members free, non-members 1s. 6d.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle Street, Leicester Square. Russell Quay, paintings and sculpture; Gwen Barnard, Monoprints. 11-6 daily, Saturdays inc.

LE Club Contemporain, 8 Whitehorse Street, W.1, GRO. 1804, presents an exhibition of the work of John Jones. Daily 1 p.m. to 7 p.m. Paintings and Etchings.

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BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Raymond Mason: Sculpture and Drawings. Dolf Rieser: Copper Engravings, Plaster Prints, Paintings.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. The Henry Moore Exhibition and pictures by Winifred Nicholson and Paule Vezelay. 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1. Until March 11.

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## LECTURES AND MEETINGS

GERMAN Rearmament? Again No! Claude Bourdet, George Doughty, Michael Foot, M.P., William Warbey, M.P., Chair.: Maurice Orbach, M.P. Tues., March 16, 7.30, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., S.W.1. Adm. 1s. at door. U.D.C., 21 Strutton Ground, S.W.1.

MAPAM. Discussion on "Middle East in Turmoil," opened by Y. Ellman, 37 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6. Tu. March 9, 8 p.m.

"FIGHTING Communism in My Union": Charles Sonnex, Friends House, Euston Rd., Monday, March 8, 7.30. 1s. 6d.

LONDON Jewish Graduates' Association. Dr. O. Wolsberg on "The Jewish View of History." The Horse Shoe Hotel, Tottenham Court Road W.1 (next Dominion Theatre) Mon., March 8, 8 p.m. Vis. 2s.

PROGRESSIVE Businessmen's Forum. Smoking and Cancer—The Facts—your questions answered by Dr. Richard Doll (who carried out the research on which the recent Govt. statement was based). Thursday, March 11, 7.45 p.m. at the Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Ring MAY. 4245 for reservations.

GUILDFORD: Editor "Daily Worker," J. R. Campbell, speaks on "Get the Tories Out Now." Co-op. Hall, Friday, March 12, 8 p.m. Admission 6d.

DR. Walter Bier: "Cruelty," New Generation Grp., Stanfield Hse., Prince Arthur Rd., nr. Hampstead Tube, Mon., Mar. 8, at 8.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall (Holborn), Thurs., March 11, 7.30: "The Upanishads."

H. J. BLACKHAM: "Psychical Phenomena." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2. Sun., March 7, 6.30 p.m.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public Lecture Wed., March 10, 6.30 p.m. "Buddha Dharma": Mr. R. Fussell. Read "The Middle Way," the Journal of the Buddhist Society.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30 p.m., Sunday, March 7. Studio, 29 Addison Ave., W.11 (nr. Holland Park Station). Discourse: Miss L. Hayat Bouman, "Holy Ground."

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. March 13, at 6 p.m. Dr. F. Malavasi: "Il Risorgimento."

YOGA. Tuesday evenings, 6.30, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Next Tuesday, March 9, Lecture on "The Law of Harmony." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Adm. free.

CORSI estivi di lingua inglese: July & Sept. at Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday, 11 a.m., Mar. 7. Prof. J. C. Flugel, D.Sc., "The Psychology of Initiation." Adm. free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. Mar. 7, "Universe of Law."

"WOMEN in U.S.S.R." Alliance Hall, Caxton St., Westminster, S.W.1. Saturday, March 20, 7.15 p.m. Admission free.

## LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

UNIVERSITY of London: A lecture on "Powers and Limits of Congressional Inquiry" will be given by Professor T. I. Emerson (Yale) at 5 p.m. on March 9 at the London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2. Admission free, without ticket.

REPORT on Kenya. Public Meeting. The Rt. Hon. A. G. Bottomley, M.P., J. Johnson, M.P., R. Williams, M.P., will speak on their visit to Kenya. Livingstone Hall, Wednesday, March 10, 7.30 p.m. Tickets 1s. 6d. (Members 1s.) from Fabian Colonial Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

ST. MARYLEBONE Fabian Soc. Dinner Meeting Tues., Mar. 9, 7 p.m. Ben Segal on "Civil Liberties in America," Mayflower Rest. (corner Baker St. & George St.). Guests 6s. 6d. 'Phone CUN. 7123.

CENTRAL London Fabian Socy., Wed., Mar. 10, 7.30. Sir Richard Acland, M.P., "Labour's Prospects in the Next Half Century." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

50TH Anniv. Meetings Socialist Party Gt. Brit., Denison Hse., 296 Vauxhall Bge. Rd. Victoria. Sun. March 7, 7 p.m. "The Way We Live To-day." R. Coster & H. Young.

FAWCETT Society: Mary Field on "Children and the Cinema"; Address and films. 7 p.m., Friday, March 12. Alliance Hall, Palmer St., Westminster.

ANDREW Rothstein: "From Tsarist Gaols to People's Power"—story of Polish Workers' Party. Chairman: Jack Ryan (A.U.B.T.W.). Fri., March 12, 7.45. All welcome. Refreshments. British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

"PHILO of Alexandria." Lecture by Prof. Norman Bentwich, O.B.E., M.C., Hon. LL.D. (formerly Prof. of International Relations, Hebrew University). Sunday, March 7, at 3.30 p.m., at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

INTERNATIONAL Women's Day, 1954. Celebration St. Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, March 7, 7.45. International speakers, artistes, Anna Pollak, Alfie Bass and London Youth Choir. Tickets 6d. National Assembly of Women, 58 Berners St., W.1, or at door.

UNDER the Auspices of the London Society of Jews & Christians. Rabbi L. I. Edgar & Canon R. W. Stopford will speak on the Jewish and the Christian Conceptions of God on Tuesday, March 9, at 8.15 p.m., at King's Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St., Oxford St., W.1. All are welcome.

CONWAY Discussion Circle, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday at 7 p.m. Mar. 9 Dr. E. Conze, "Jung's Psychology and its Later Developments." Adm. free. Collection. Junior Discussion Group, 7.15 p.m. Tonight Friday Mar. 5. Cyril Appleton, "Trade Unions & Their Future." Friday Mar. 12. Major G. Adcock, "Positive Ethics."

U.S.S.R. Seen by Teacher of Literature. Prof. J. S. Spink. Thurs., March 11, 7.30 p.m. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 1s.).

INDIAN Institute of Culture London Branch. Public Lecture 8.15, Tuesday, March 9; Henry Usborne, M.P., "World Government." 62 Queen's Gdns., Bayswater.

DR. Eustace Chesser: "The Psychology of Gambling," Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cin., Golders Green, Sun., March 7, at 7.15.

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. Discussion: Fashion & Dress Design. Tues., Mar. 9, 8.15. John Cavanagh, Madge Garland, Cynthia Judah, Alex Marafine, Toni Del Renzio. Chair: James Laver. Mems. 2s., guests 3s.

RACIAL Unity: Univ. Extension Lectures by Mr. E. B. Ndem, M.A. "Problems of Racial Relations," 32 Tavistock Square, W.C.1. Mon., March 8, 7 p.m. "Mixed Marriages." Mems. free, sub. 5s.

## LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures will be given by Professor G. H. R. von Koenigswald (Utrecht) at 5.30 p.m. on March 10, 11 and 12 at University College (Anatomy Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. March 10: "The Pithecanthropus Problem"; March 11: "Java and Early Man"; March 12: "The Position of the South African Australopithecinae." Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of three lectures entitled "Dichtersprache im Altindischen, Griechischen und Lateinischen" will be given by Professor M. Leumann (Zurich) at 5.30 p.m. on March 15, 16 and 17 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. The lectures will be delivered in German. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London: A course of two lectures on "Arabic Poetry and the Western Literatures" will be given by Professor Francesco Gabrieli (Rome) at 5.30 p.m. on March 10 and 12 at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

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## LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

"ART and History of the Film." British Film Institute non-residential five-day course in Central London, April 26-30. Lecturers include Paul Dehn, Arthur Watkins (British Board of Film Censors), Denis Forman, Ernest Lindgren. Inclusive fees £2 2s. (teachers and other educational staff 30s.). Particulars from British Film Institute, 4 Great Russell St., W.C.1. MUS. 0581.

THE Anti-Vice Drive: a threat to freedom. Progressive League London public weekend conference, Mar. 20-21, at Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (2 mins. Victoria). Programme: Sat. 4 p.m., Prostitution (C. H. Rolph); 7.30 p.m., Homosexuality (Miss Jean Graham Hall, barrister-at-law). Sun 2.30 p.m., "Obscene" Publications (Alec Craig). 6 p.m., Summing up by the Chairman (Robert S. W. Pollard, J.P.). Admission 2s. each lecture at the door. Comprehensive ticket with reserved seat 10s. from Secretary, 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

URCHFONT Manor. Selected Courses from Spring Programme. Week April 15-21: "The Achievement of Psychology." For people who have already some knowledge of the subject. A review of the achievements in this science in the last 50 years. Week-end April 23-25: "The French Countryside." Introduces some interesting aspects of French farming and village life, the wine industry, etc. Aug. 2-22: Summer Programme now available from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Devizes, Wilts, which includes "The Christian Philosophy," "The Claims of Biography," and Family Courses, either a week or a fortnight. Children aged 8-14 separately accommodated and looked after.

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More Classified Adverts. on Pages 297, 298, 299

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